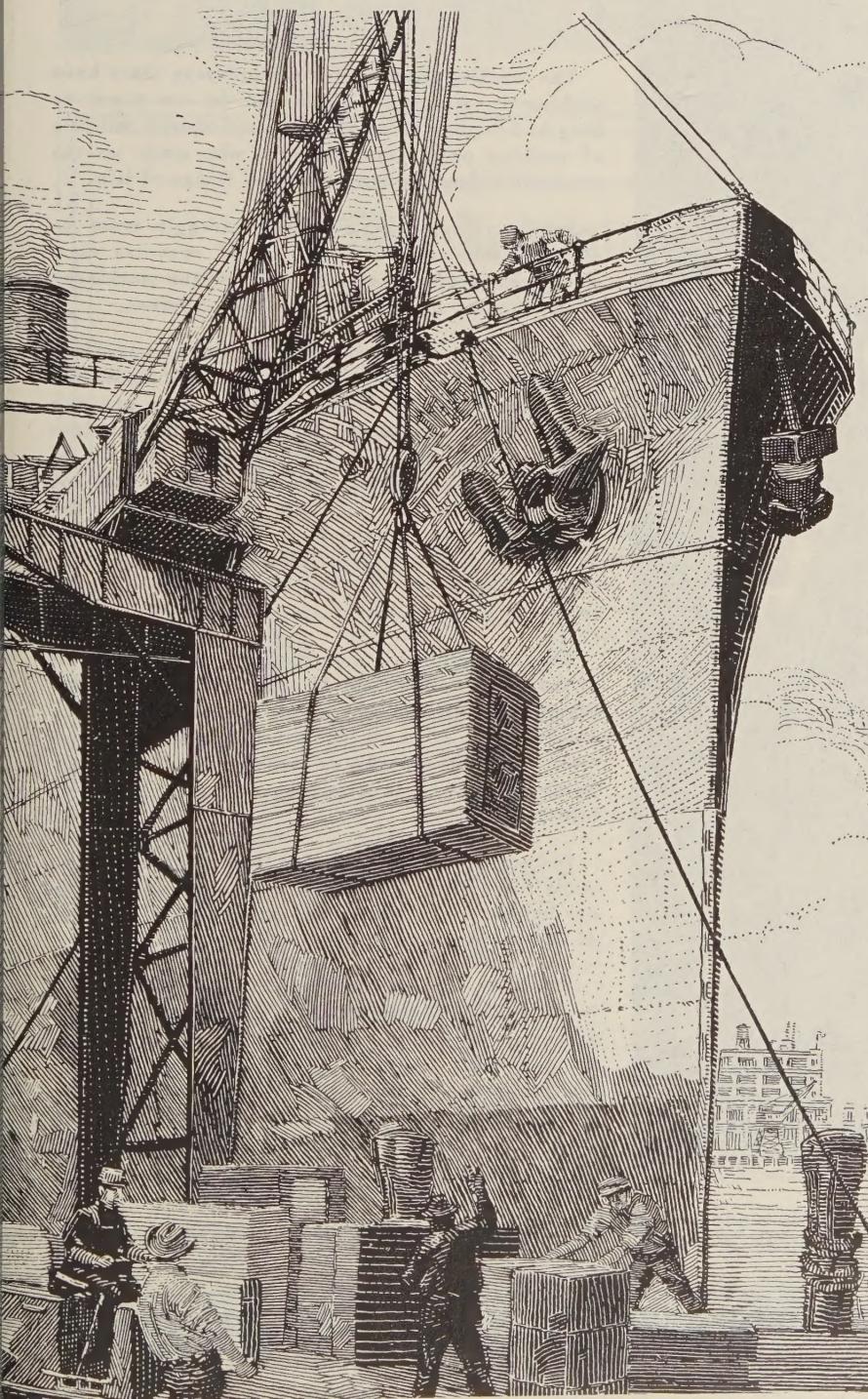


The INDUSTRIAL PIONEER January 1926

An Illustrated Labor Magazine

Price Twenty Cents



The Workers
Look to Mon-
tevideo.



Slavery
in Alaska.



Woman in
the Post War
Period.



Crime, Sales-
manship and
such things.



Tramps
on Wheels.

I.W.W. PREAMBLE



The working class and the employing class have nothing in common. There can be no peace so long as hunger and want are found among millions of working people and the few, who make up the employing class, have all the good things of life.

Between these two classes a struggle must go on until the workers of the world organize as a class, take possession of the earth and the machinery of production, and abolish the wage system.

We find that the centering of the management of industries into fewer and fewer hands makes the trade unions unable to cope with the ever growing power of the employing class. The trade unions foster a state of affairs which allows one set of workers to be pitted against another set of workers in the same industry, thereby helping defeat one another in wage wars. Moreover, the trade unions aid the employing class to mislead the workers into the belief that the working class have interests in common with their employers.

These conditions can be changed and the interest of the working class upheld only by an organization formed in such a way that all its members in any one industry, or in all industries if necessary, cease work whenever a strike or lockout is on in any department thereof, thus making an injury to one an injury to all.

Instead of the conservative motto, "A fair day's wage for a fair day's work," we must inscribe on our banner the revolutionary watchword, "Abolition of the wage system".

It is the historic mission of the working class to do away with capitalism. The army of production must be organized, not only for the every-day struggle with capitalists, but also to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown. By organizing industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old.



The Industrial Pioneer

Edited by Vern Smith

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EDITORIALS

JANUARY 1, 1926—Over most of the world, according to the final decision of an old discussion in which several popes and a handful of emperors have taken part, this is the beginning of a new year.

Of course this is only a conventional arrangement, since it is necessary for people to start counting time from some fixed point, and since the above-mentioned notables have in their day had influence enough to get the point fixed on this particular day. It seems reasonable to suppose that they picked out the heart of winter as the auspicious date from a sense of pessimism and that the populations of the earth accepted such a decision in their hopelessness.

For thousands of years the common people of the civilized world have been told "Go, and they go; come, and they come," by other people no better than they in any case, and most often much worse. They have likewise, and as a part of the process, been exploited mercilessly, first under one system and then under another. They have been fooled by priests, betrayed by false friends, killed by generals, and robbed by a vast and bewildering assortment of legalized robbers.

But we look to see the time when all these years, of which the present is just one more, hardly long enough to be counted in the sum of all the years of slavery that have passed, will end in a year that sees the overthrow of capitalism—after which we shall probably fittingly celebrate by counting the first of May as New Year's Day. Happy New Year!

THE IWW CONVENTION—The delegates to the IWW general convention have done their work and departed for the time being. This convention was marked by several innovations, proving that the IWW itself is a

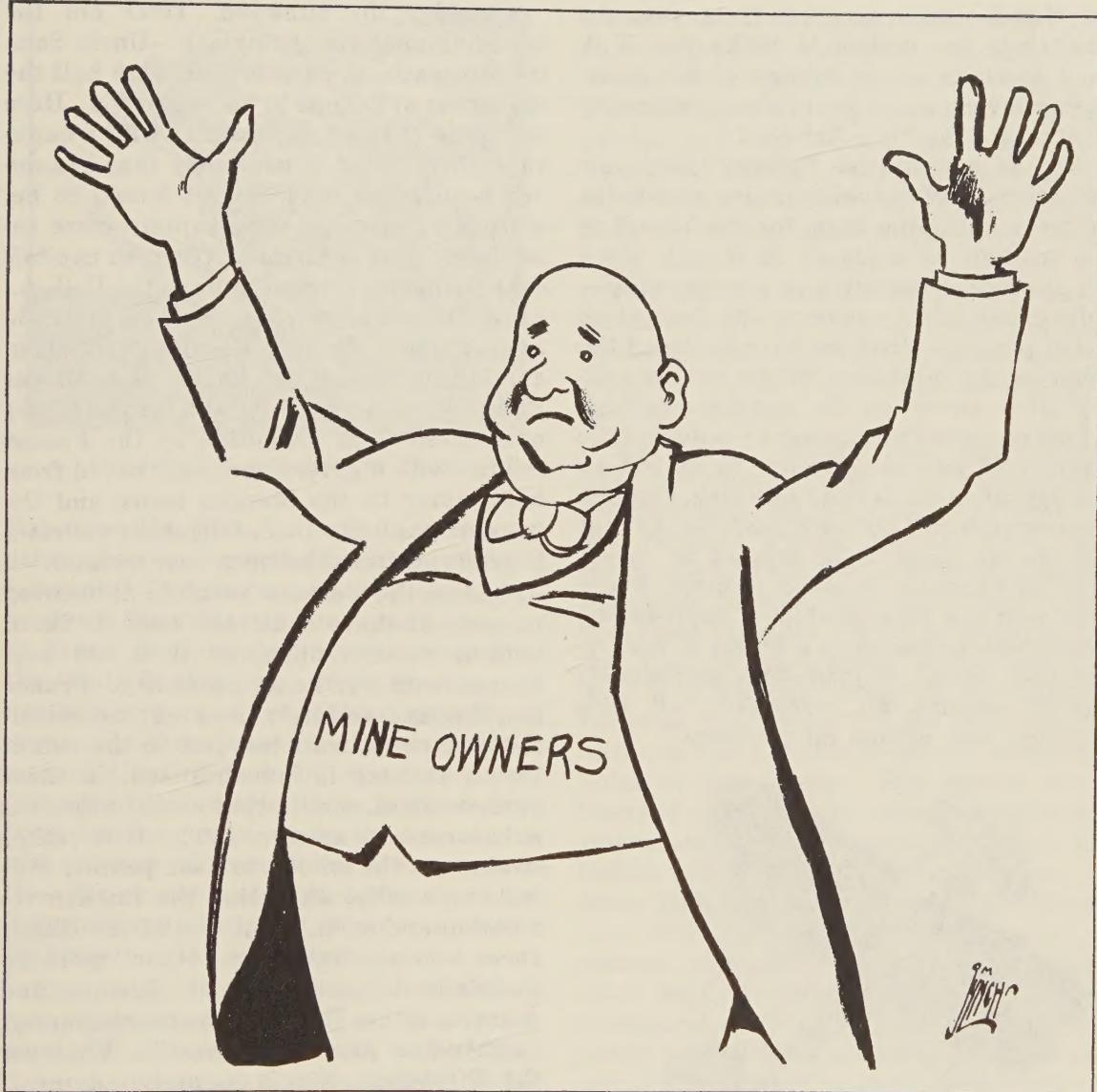
growing and possibly a changing institution, and not a dead-weight cast-iron mold. The membership of the organization are live workers, with eyes and ears, which they use, and capable of learning from experience, and their organization is and should be a sensitive instrument, readily answering to their direction.

The convention scrapped an experiment or two, most important of them being the venture into "universalism" (equal dues and initiation fees for all the unions). Whether they reflected the spirit and the decision of the rest of the membership in so doing will be seen when the referendum ballot is counted, during this January.

It is up to the rank and file to decide, and everybody is hoping that a big majority of it will make an effort to secure ballots and vote—a definite decision one way or the other by a large portion of the membership is what is needed, and will do more to make everybody satisfied than anything else. The men on the jobs must go a little out of their road to get and use these referendum ballots now in the field. It is not fair to the incoming officials to ask them to enforce decisions of the membership which it is possible to argue were not really decided by the membership, because only a few thousand voted out of the many thousands who should have voted.

DON'T WORRY—ORGANIZE.—In recent issues of Industrial Solidarity, the I. W. W. weekly newspaper, there is a good deal of information about the Diesel engine being used in larger and larger ships, throwing out of employment three quarters of the "black gang" wherever installed.

In issue before last, we printed a description of a coal-loading machine which is being instituted rapidly in the nonunion fields,



WHEN ALL THE MINERS ARE IN ONE BIG UNION.

and is throwing men out of employment by the thousands. Recent news of this machine and its continued spread indicates that it is being proposed to the union misleaders of the unionized fields, especially in Illinois, and that it will probably be impossible to prevent its use here, as the Farrington-Lewis bureaucracy has very little stomach for a battle with the employers, and spends its time only in trying to preserve enough union to keep the treasury full, and handy to Farrington and Lewis.

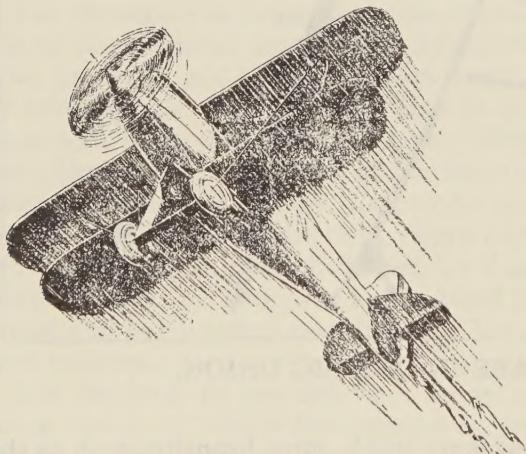
There is a continual spread of labor-saving machinery in building construction. In

longshore work, some branches such as the loading of ore and wheat on the Great Lakes where both are handled in bulk, have ceased to be longshore work at all, and instead become something rather more like steamshovel engineering, or cranemen's jobs—only a few men taking the place of hundreds.

These are only a few industries—the same story applies to practically all of them. In spite of the well authenticated fact, proven again by the suit of Prof. Fessender against the eight great electrical goods manufacturing companies of Amer-

ica, that invention proceeds faster than the capitalists are willing to make use of it, they do make use of enough of the labor-saving inventions to keep labor continually hunting for the "job that ain't."

We do not propose fighting these new inventions. We propose taking possession of them, and using them for the benefit of the workers as a class. It is only when we are selling ourselves as a commodity—selling our labor power to the boss at so much per day—that we have to dread the labor-saving machine. While we are selling labor power on the market, anything which restricts that market by reducing the number of jobs is an injury to us, but on the day when we become free men, through the ownership of our own products, on that day do we cease to be injured by inventions, and begin to be aided by them. Every man who can then produce a labor-saving device will be hailed as a friend of leisure, the best friend of man—the prerequisite for all culture, all recreation; all sane thinking and almost all pleasure.



THE DOVE OF LOCARNO.—There was no peace decided upon at Locarno, where the representatives of the leaders in the League of Nations met with the envoys of their old enemy, Germany, and signed a treaty involving the withdrawal of troops from over the Rhine, and the recognition of a world court. It was not a peace treaty—it was a bandit-bund, a compact of solidarity among robbers who have never, under any circumstances, shown any of the "honor among thieves".

Consider the situation. Over all, the brooding shadow of Shylock—Uncle Sam, the international pawnbroker, with half the industries of Europe in his hock shop. Here is France (French capitalism) with a bankrupt government, a peasantry that has never been taxed, and doesn't intend to be, a working class growing rapidly more rebellious. Here is England (English capitalism) losing her foreign trade to the U. S. A., unemployment growing, balance of trade against her. Here is Germany (German capitalism) sweating under the Dawes plan. Here is Italy (Italian capitalism) only saved from revolution by the Fascist militia, with a government only saved from bankruptcy by the Morgan loans, and the generosity of the U. S. Oligarchy; certain to undergo an explosion sooner or later.

Besides the workers' revolution, brewing in each of these countries, each is faced with a peasant uprising. It is not only France with her home peasantry. France and England and Italy are great industrialized countries, true, but just to the extent that a country is industrialized, in these modern times, just to that extent also does it become a peasant country. It is rather strange on the whole, to hear people, radicals especially, discussing the Russian revolution and saying that one of the differences between Russia and other "more industrialized" countries of Europe and America is that Russia is a peasant country, "eighty-five percent peasant". Whatever the differences, that is certainly not one of them. Take Britain for instance. People usually think of her as a highly industrialized country—yet the British Empire has only twenty million middle class, and an insignificant number of big capitalists and nobility, and twenty million industrial workers, most of them in England. On the other hand, she has over four hundred million peasants—a proportion of more than ninety percent peasants. England's peasants are in India—two hundred and fifty million of them, and the rest are in South Africa, Egypt, Canada, Australia, the Soudan, British East Africa and the islands of the British Empire. Probably we should count in this list the populations of Latvia, Portugal,



NOT EXACTLY THE DOVE OF PEACE

Palestine, the Yang-tse valley and various other places where England has either a League of Nations "mandate" or has riveted down the chains of her financial empire so firmly that she controls the product of the land. In that case, of course, the percentage of peasants would be greater. Among all these peasants, just as much a part of the British social structure as the farmers of Devonshire, those farthest away from London are closer in the actual time and expense of transporting their products than the peasants of Kamchatka are to the industrial region around Moscow, so good a highway has the sea became.

The other countries under discussion here, Italy with her African empire, France with her African and Asiatic empire, and Germany promised African colonies at Locarno, are in the same situation. All of them have far more peasants than they have of any other class, and these peasants are absolutely necessary as markets and as providers of raw material, without which each of these capitalistic empires would sink to the status of Spain, or lower.

Now, bear these facts in mind, remember the peasant uprisings raging in Africa, in Eastern Asia, in the Near East, and the tendency of Canada and Australia to look for money and support to the United States capitalists rather than to the English, and you will see why the robbers draw together at Locarno.

Under the circumstances it was to be ex-

pected that the League Council would refuse to hear the case of the Druses, or to receive their delegates, for these wished to protest against the way General Serrail had carried out "the sacred mandate of the League of Nations, to uplift the peoples given into the control of France, and to keep the peace, and minister to their material and moral comfort." It is to be expected that the League world court would refuse to grant the Turks a fair trial in their claims against England for their own oil lands of Mosul. (The Turks are an agricultural people).

But there is another side. The robbers have not enough booty to go around, and yet they have taken all they are likely to get. Some of it even, may slip from their sacks, due to the above mentioned uprisings of peasant peoples. But each of these countries must get more empire, or collapse. So they must rob each other. Even at the moment they kiss each other on the cheek at Locarno, they reach around each other's backs to feel out the proper place for the point of the stiletto. The French catch England conducting an elaborate espionage system among French airplane officers; the Italian papers expose England's scheme to fence Italy out of the Eastern Mediterranean with a network of coaling and naval stations, obtained from Greece, while Mussolini loudly declaims, "Italy may be in a permanent state of war in five or ten years"; the French defiantly refuse to decrease the number of their submarines, in spite of English admirals storming and bluster against them as "devil's weapons, which have taken all the chivalry out of war at sea". France can blockade England with those subs, and she thinks she may need them.

So the Locarno pact is one more step toward war—one more temporary alliance among robbers, against their creditors in the U. S. A., and against their revolting slaves, but doomed to be only temporary, and certain to give way sooner or later to the bloodiest quarrel history has ever known. Nothing but an organized working class can stop it.

The Shipping Octopus

By R. FRANCEZON

HE WORKING CLASS AND THE EMPLOYING CLASS HAVE NOTHING IN COMMON. Thus starts the Preamble of the Industrial Workers of the World and never was a truer statement presented before the descendants of the early proles and medieval serfs. The seafarers know better than any other workers the veracity of those words.

Since the rising of capitalism, seamen have been subject to the most outrageous form of slavery. When applied to the realm of the sea, the capitalistic laws are of the most stringent character. Right now, in the twentieth century, in this age praised by the apologists of the present system as the greatest in the history of civilized mankind, the seamen are no better than the serfs kept in thraldom by the feudal laws of the middle age. Taking advantage of our precarious economic conditions, the industrial pirates known as shipping magnates, force the men in need of a job, to sign their liberty away for a chance to toil in their rotten, floating coffins.

As soon as the human beings known as seamen, are out on the open sea, they forfeit all the few privileges (miscalled "rights") that their fellow workers in the other industries are allowed to enjoy. They become part of the floating machinery, and have to produce wealth for their parasitical exploiters, for an indeterminate period ranging from six to eighteen months.

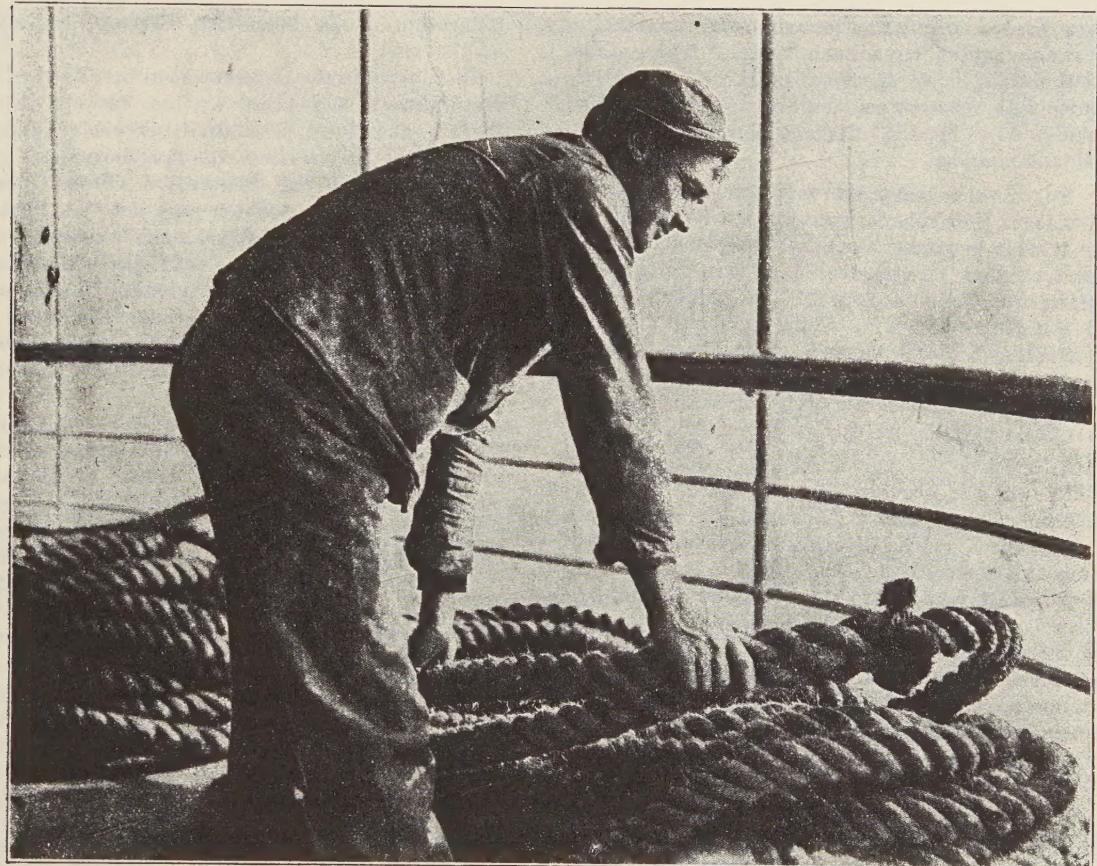
During that time they have to submit to the whim of the petty narrow minded type of morons, that represent the shipowners aboard the ship, namely Captains, Mates, etc., and if the seaman feels that he is manhandled and should have the right to leave that floating hell, where he happens to be, he will forfeit his wages and in many instances, be arrested as a deserter and sent back to the ship, where he will have to work, many a time with a lose of wages, taken from his pay in form of fines and what is termed in the marine jargon, "logging".

The shipping trust becomes rich, beyond the most sanguine dreams of avarice, through such forms of marine slavery; like a big octopus, the shipping trust spreads out its tentacles to the four corner of the earth, to grab more markets and cheaper human labor. Its wealth is the product of human misery, political tyranny, hypocritical education and religious fanaticism.

The marine workers, inadequately organized, often misled by renegade labor fakirs, mostly confused by the many theories and "isms" put forth by unscrupulous politicians, who are gravitating around the gilded capitalistic **Orb**, are nevertheless fighting for more of the good things of life.

It is a constant, titanic battle between the exploited and the exploiters, the workers and the shirkers, therefore proving the truthfulness of that first line of the preamble of the Industrial Workers of the World: "The working class and the employing class have nothing in common".

It doesn't matter which part of this planet we are looking at, the shipping interest aggressively drives the seafaring men into the fight. At the most strategic position of the earth's waterways, where the ocean lanes converge together, forming the world's largest entrepots, we see the marine slaves in desperate struggle for existence against their ruthless exploiters. No matter how cruel the repression may be, no matter how many sons of the working class will be slaughtered in sacrifice to that new Moloch, The Maritime Mammon, the tyrannical abuses of the greedy shipowners force the marine workers to rebel against these intolerable conditions.



The Workers Look to Montevideo

By ADOLFO GARCIA

(Editor "Solidaridad," I. W. W. Spanish-Language Newspaper)

THE First International Conference of Marine Transport Workers of the Western Hemisphere decided to have the Second Conference in Havana, Cuba, on January 15, 1925. But due to the persecution by the Cuban governmental authorities, representing their capitalists and other capitalists, most of the revolutionary organizations and unions of Havana have been smashed. And because of the fact that the Cuban authorities are nothing but willing tools of the American sugar trust, shipping trust, bankers, etc., it is not certain that there would be security there for an international conference of workers, and that insecurity forces the unions to seriously doubt the safety of their delegates, and might prevent some of them from sending delegates at all. Furthermore the Main Office of the Marine Transport Workers' Industrial Union No. 510 of the I. W. W. has tried to communicate with the different bodies of organized workers in Havana, and cannot get any answer. So the former program to make arrangements for a big conference there must be dropped. The plan is changed, and the city of Montevideo, Uruguay, has by common consent been selected as the best place still remaining for the purpose.

The change in the place of meeting and the disruption of the previous arrangements makes it advisable to delay the conference two months more, and the new date is March 15, 1926.

From our point of view, when we are looking just at our immediate problems as members in the Marine Transport Workers' Industrial Union of the I. W. W. (of

the United States), the originally selected city, Havana, would have been better. The reason is that the M. T. W. members from the United States come into most direct contact with the Caribbean trade, with Mexico, Central America, Cuba, and islands near by.

But if we consider the vast future for a general, Western Hemisphere organization or cooperation of marine transport workers' unions then it is just as true that Montevideo is a good deal the best place that could be found. The biggest unions of South America are in Chile, Argentine Republic, and Brazil. These workers do not take much part in the Caribbean trade, or Gulf of Mexico trade, and perhaps would not pay much attention to a conference which is held too far north.

Still another reason making Montevideo the best place for the meeting is that a lot of propaganda has been conducted in the Spanish language press, accusing the I. W. W. of being imperialistic, and of trying to dictate the policies of the Latin-American unions. If we were to meet in Havana where, perhaps only the small countries would be represented, just those small Central American and island countries which are most directly under the influence of American Dollar Diplomacy, and are really part of the American financial empire, it might be possible for someone to argue that the charge of imperialism levelled against us has some basis in fact.

But if American delegates go to a place where it is a certainty that they will be in a minority and that too, just in the place which has been the center in which the worst of these criticisms and rumors took form, it will be proof that there is nothing of reality in this talk of our "imperialism," and a better feeling is certain to prevail.

Probably the Brazilian unions will be strongly represented at the Montevideo Conference. The Brazilian unions have a fine organization, and have kept wages up in good style. During the years 1910 and later the government recognized the union job control on the big main line of Brazilian ships, Lloyd Braziliero. Wages were better than on any other ships of the American continent. They were ten to twenty dollars higher than on U. S. ships. The steamer line was owned by a government corporation, something like the U. S. Shipping Board, and the capital was much increased by Brazil's entry into the World War, which enabled that country's government to seize as prizes of war all German ships in her harbors.

In the beginning the unions were nothing but tools of the government, organized on a craft basis. But lately there have been some sections which have developed strong revolutionary tendencies, and have not hesitated to fight their governmental employers.

The longshoremen of Brazil are not so very well organized except in certain harbors, Santos, Rio de Janeiro, Pernambuco, and a few others. There is some organization in all harbors, but no national

federation of all longshore workers, or anything of the sort.

In Argentina the longshoremen are, most of them, unorganized; and there are no harbors in which there is at present a hundred percent organization. Most of the time most of the longshoremen's groups have been with the Federacion Obrera Regional Argentina, the body which puts out "La Protesta," the anarchist daily. The seamen's unions have been organized in the federated body, the Union Sindical Argentina, which is syndicalist rather than anarchist. There has been a continual struggle between these two, much to the detriment of the labor movement there, and this is one of the reasons for the present state of disorganization.

The seamen of Argentina had for years a strong organization called Federacion Obrera Maritima. For six years it had healthy branches in all the seaports and the river ports of the Platte. They had a pact of solidarity with the ship's officers' unions by which all on board were forced to be union men. If the captain was not a member of the officers' union, he could not get a crew; and if the owners asked a union captain to ship a nonunion crew, he refused. This gave complete job control.

The F. O. M. was able to sustain a strike for fourteen months tying up a whole half of the Argentine fleet, all the ships of the Mihanovich line, and forcing them to surrender. This was in 1918 and 1919. After that they had some other strikes, for the right to boycott, and won them. Just after that they had a general strike for better wages and conditions, and after this was won, they continued the boycott against certain flour mills. All the ship-owners came together and declared a lockout, only three or four days after the union had won the general strike. The government seized the whole merchant fleet, operated it, and recognized the right of boycott by the crew. Afterwards the ships were turned back to their owners.

This history shows that these unionists have a revolutionary spirit, and are capable of real solidarity with all workers.

The pact of solidarity between the seamen and the officers was a thing that the shipowners had tried time after time to break, and failed. Finally, however, they succeeded through juggling with a pension law, in dividing the interests of the captains and crews. When the general body, the Union Sindical Argentina, declared a general strike all over the country, the captains and officers, who were in favor of the pension law, took out scab crews.

Even after this strike there was harmony between the officers and crews, but eventually the latter had to go on strike against one of the three unions of officers, that of the deep water captains, which broke away from the pact, and there has been hard feeling ever since. There had to be a general strike and finally, through desertion of the other officers' unions (of coastwise captains, and of pilots) the strike was lost, and there is today no job control by the F. O. M. There is also a split between the syndicalists and those of socialist tendencies



who are for the pension law (presented to parliament by the Socialist Party). The union has lost heavily in membership, and now these socialists have started a movement to reorganize under the influence of the Socialist Party, which if they are successful, will probably result in the union being ultra-reformistic and conservative, as the Argentine Socialist Party believes in class collaboration, etc., and gets help from the government in its efforts to create a yellow union.

There used to be a strong Federacion Obrera Maritima in Uruguay and another in Paraguay, modelled along the same lines as that of Argentina, and closely cooperating with it. However, the union in Paraguay is now small and though the workers have shown good solidarity, the leaders are governmental politicians, and have used the union to defeat revolutions by boycotting them, etc. The longshore-

men and seamen are together in the same organization.

In Uruguay, the Federacion Obrera Maritima is affiliated with the Union Sindical Uruguay which is a federated body with the same principles and form of organization as the Union Sindical Argentina.

The longshoremen in Montevideo are divided. Some of them are in unions affiliated with the U. S. U., and some are in unions affiliated with the anarchist national body, Federacion Obrera Regional Uruguay, precisely similar in its outlook to the Federacion Obrera Regional Argentina. There is no job control, partly because of the friction between these two groups. There is even violence committed in this fratricidal conflict.

In Chile, the seamen have as their only organized power the Marine Transport Workers' Industrial

Union of the I. W. W. of Chile. The captains and officers have two different organizations. One has been formed not long ago and keeps good relations of solidarity with the M. T. W. They have already struggled side by side against the shipowners and won, sometimes with the crews helping the officers and at other times with the officers helping the crews.

The longshoremen of Chile are divided between the M. T. W. and the Confederacion Obrera de Chile, which is influenced by the Communist Party and is affiliated with the Red International. In none of the harbors do any of the longshoremen's unions have absolute control. There are craft divisions, disguised as sections, such as boatmen, etc.

Peru and Ecuador have little shipping, most of it local with the exception of a line running up to Colon, which has seven or eight ships. There is only one real union in Peru, among marine transport workers, and that is in Callao, where the longshoremen are organized independently.

In Columbia there is little shipping as yet, though there will be sometime, as there are good harbors, with oilfields and great plantations lying back of them, and mines as yet undeveloped, fruit, and lumber, coffee and cocoa.

There is very little organization in Central America. Panama has a kind of fictitious fleet, because some of the U. S. ships adopted Panamanian registry in order to carry booze. But they have their regular U. S. captains and crews.

I think the workers organized in the maritime unions of Brazil will amount to about 18,000. In Argentina, at the present time, there are from 5,000 to 8,000 in all the different bodies. In Uruguay there may be about 4,000 altogether. In Paraguay

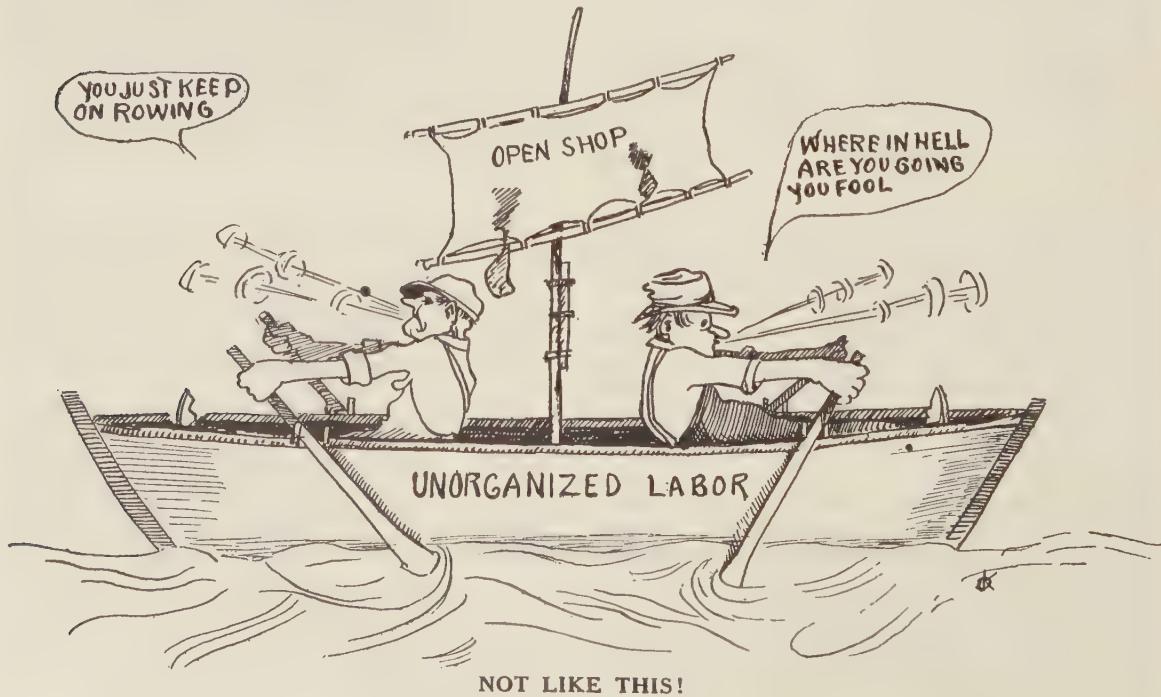
the numbers count for more, because of the degree of job control, and they have from 3,000 to 5,000 organized marine transport workers. In Chile the M. T. W. has about 4,000 to 5,000 organized.

The workers really employed in the marine industries of these South American countries will amount to over a million, and the task of organizing them is an important one.

In economic strength of actually organized workers, Cuba is more important than the countries of the continent, because nearly all of her ports are organized, and there exists some job control in all of them, and a good deal in some of them. Up to last year they were independent of each other altogether, but this year, after the national conference in Camaguey, they formed a Federacion Obrera Maritima, similar in organization to those bodies of the same name in South America. Before the governmental persecution started there were undoubtedly 25,000 or more marine transport workers organized in Cuba. It is hard to tell how many there are at present.

In Mexico nearly all the steamers are owned and operated by the government. The unions have job control. In 1921 and 1922 when U. S. seamen were getting as low as \$35 per month, the Mexican seamen were getting \$85 a month, and had the three-watch system (eight-hour day). The longshoremen are also well organized, and have a stevedoring cooperative in Tampico worth \$500,000. In this port there are no stevedores or contractors at all, and the union itself takes the contracts to load or unload ships.

There must be, perhaps 25,000 to 30,000 members of marine transport unions in Mexico. They are not all in one union. The Tampico cooperative is



independent. In Vera Cruz there is a national body for longshoremen, with different branches scattered around, some outside of the state of Vera Cruz. They are not adherents of any other national body, or any international. The seamen have a national organization, which sent a delegate to the New Orleans Conference. It is called Union de Fogoneros y Marineros. It has control of all steamers. It has a pact of solidarity with the officers and they have assisted each other against the big companies. (The big oil companies have tug boats and other small craft, and La Aguila Oil Company has oil tankers under the Mexican flag). The British officers of these company boats were finally chased off and now the crews from the captain down are unionists.

What shall the I. W. W. do at Montevideo?

We ought to support a motion to recognize the delegates of all the unions who send representation. We do not have to pay any attention to the little quarrels and stigmas which the individual unions fasten upon each other.

Bear in mind that the first clause of our Preamble, "The capitalist class and the working class have nothing in common," prevents us from having dealings with the organizations which admit, as a principle, the collaboration of classes.

The New Orleans conference had as its main purpose the arrangement of a big international strike. This is no longer the main issue, and on the contrary, the next congress, the Montevideo conference, will probably be faced as its main problem, with the task of forming some permanent organization.

In my opinion the best way to approach this is for the I. W. W. to propose to the others that all the members of any organization which enters into a pact of solidarity at Montevideo, shall have the same rights of membership in all other unions. Thus a member of the F. O. M. visiting in New York, will be regarded while here as a member of I. U. 510 of the I. W. W., and vice versa, and the same with all.

It seems to me we should propose that in the ports of greatest importance, such as Buenos Aires, Rio de Janeiro, Montevideo, etc., there shall be international delegates placed, carrying international credentials and supplies. Each delegate's duty will be to visit all the ships, bearing the flag of any country in the Western Hemisphere, with the exception of the country in whose port he is. He could visit European and other ships, which have regular service to American ports (North or South America).

These international delegates should have the right to organize all the workers who are not already organized, to collect dues from all members of any union in the pact, and give all the help and protection that any of the unions are capable of giving. In general, each delegate is to be a true representative of all the foreign seamen in any circumstances where they need the representation of the union.

The delegate's wages should be equal to the cur-

rent wage scale of seamen in the country where he is stationed, and should come out of the initiations and dues that are collected. If he collects more than wages and expenses, the rest should go half to the local union of the harbor where he is, and half to the union of the members from whom he collects. New members should belong to the local union where the delegate works; a copy of the reports of each international delegate should go to the main office of the union to which the member belongs.

The international delegates should have books and stamps printed for that purpose which can be paid for pro-rata by all the unions in the pact of solidarity.

With this system there will not be anybody who can sustain the charge that the I. W. W. is trying to invade or subjugate the other organizations of seamen, but on the contrary, it will be clear that this plan will permit representatives of unions of South America to come on American ships; if they organize these ships which are as yet unorganized, there will be no grievance; we will have a really organized working class as far as the marine transport workers are concerned.

In case we are really trying to form a pact of solidarity, it will be necessary to create an office of "secretary of relations," which will have no power whatever, over any of the organizations who become part of the pact of solidarity. Its functions should be just to translate the correspondence and send it to the different organizations interested. The legislative and resolutive power ought to be in the hands of the different organizations and all the alterations or reforms in the pact of solidarity should be made in international conferences.

These, I think, are some of the points that Montevideo conference should consider if we are really trying to live in reality and give up illusions.

To Labor

(By HENRY GEORGE WEISS)

You are the heart that pumps the blood
Of commerce through this modern world,
You are the hand that curbs the flood
Which from the mountain heights are hurled;

You are the feet that walk the earth,
You are the sweat that tills the soil,
You are the brawn, you are the girth,
You are the ribs of them that toil.

You are the eyes that see afar,
You are the ears of all that hear,
You are the voice that rings the star
Of Progress in its mad career.

Heart, hand and feet, sweat, brawn and girth,
Stout ribs, and eyes, and ears and voice,
Oh, what can tell thee of thy worth,
Rise up, thou king, rejoice, rejoice!

There is only one way to better conditions in the fishing industry, and that is through organization.

Fishermen's Industrial Union No. 130 of the I. W. W. is the One Big Union of the fishing industry. It embraces all who work in the industry, barring none who work for wages. If you work in the fishing industry, join F. I. U. 130, and help to better conditions. For further information write to F. I. U. 130, 3333 Belmont Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Slavery In Alaska

By WALTER BACON



CANNERY DOCK AT CORDOVA

HAVING wintered in Seattle and hearing that the clam-canneries of Alaska were going to ship men to Alaska to dig clams, I decided I might as well be in Alaska as in Seattle looking for a master. So along in the latter part of February I applied for a job, and after answering many questions I was signed on to dig clams at Cordova for the season of 1925, the wages being three cents per pound, and a bonus of one-half a cent if I stayed the season. In other words, they bet me one-half a cent on each pound that I dug; conditions were so bad that I couldn't stay.

On the twenty-sixth of March I received a letter telling me to call on the day following at the office of the company in Seattle for my ticket (which they were advancing) as we were to leave Seattle at 9 a. m. March 29th, on the S. S. "Yukon."

The trip north was all that a slave could expect—being obliged to pay our own fare, and not being wise to the game nor conditions to be found on the clam beach at Cordova. We went as steerage passengers, and the accommodations were anything but the best. The steerage passengers must furnish their own blankets. The bunks were four high and placed down below the water line, so the ventilation was very poor. The "chow" furnished was mostly stew and boiled liver, badly cooked; the pastry was good, but we received plain cake and no pie. Considering that we only had to pay \$37 for our passage and a chance to supply the world with clams, I suppose we shouldn't complain. The trip was favored with good weather all the way, which is unusual for that time of the year, and the scenery along this trip is fine at any time of the year.

We arrived at Cordova on April 2nd at 2 p. m., and proceeded to inquire for the cannery which had loaned us the privilege to dig clams. After locating the office we were outfitted, and by 6 p. m. we boarded a cannery tender bound for the camping grounds, nine miles away.

Just before casting off, a tax collector came on the deck with a list of our names, which she had secured from the office of the company, and had us give our age, so that they could collect \$5 from each of us.

As to the camp and conditions we found there, I will say this: According to our agreement, we were to be furnished a cabin for each two men, the said cabin to be equipped with a stove, dishes, bed, and mattress. When we arrived at this camp we found that there were only about half enough cabins to go around and, being broke, we had to crowd into these small quarters and make the best of it. These cabins had not been occupied for eight months and were exposed to the snow and rain, so that they were water-soaked. The stoves furnished were small sheet-iron camp stoves (the variety with no grates) and our fuel was to be one hundred pounds of coal per week.

After a week or so we were furnished lumber and a tent which we had to put up ourselves. Groceries were advanced us—to be paid for out of the first money earned, along with the fare and any other expenses. At these camps there were no facilities for bathing or washing one's clothing. Our supplies were brought out to us two days after ordering them.

Our groceries came from the company commissary



BOAT OF JOHN OBERG—"INDEPENDENT FISHERMAN"

It will be understood that a considerable sum of money must be accumulated by the worker before he can buy a power boat like this with nets and other equipment necessary for him to operate as an "independent fisherman".

and though they seemed to have a different price for everybody, they charged everybody enough.

At these clam camps there was no medical attention, not even a first-aid kit furnished. If one had an accident or was sick he just got to town the best way he could.

What the Work Is Like

Clam digging, unlike most work, can only be done at extreme low tide. There is an average of fifteen tides a month which are low enough to dig clams on. The digging time on these tides is about two hours. The clam beds are from one to six miles from camp, each two men are furnished with a skiff (row-boat) and a gas boat for each two skiffs.

During April the weather is still cold and rainy with many days of sleet and snow, and good stiff wind blowing.

After waiting nearly two weeks for a tide that we could work in, the great day came when we could commence producing clams. We arose at 4 o'clock and after an hour of traveling we came to one of the many bars where clams were supposed to abound, but our troubles had just begun as it was still so cold that few clams were showing, and our hands grew so cold and numb that it was next to impossible to hold on to a clam.

I don't want anyone to draw the conclusion that the conditions in all the camps are the same as in this one, as I learned later that in some they were worse. In one camp they had no power boats and the diggers were obliged to row to the bars, which took several hours of strenuous work.

One camp was on an island which was not much more than a bar and at times at high tide the water covered the island. One fellow worker who was working at this camp told me that one night

he awoke and got up to see that everything was all right as the wind was blowing hard, he jumped out of his bunk into ice cold water which came above his knees. His kindling had floated away and so there was nothing to do but go back to bed and wait for the tide to go down. The water at this camp was hauled in by a cannery tender and sometimes this boat was late or did not bring enough water to go around.

Clam digging is somewhat of a trade, and the majority of us had never dug clams before; the main reason for so many green diggers is because the bars are getting dug out and the companies, in order to get clams enough to run their canneries, must put on more diggers each year. In 1924 there were 200 diggers; in 1925 there were nearly 500.

Alaska has a law which makes it a crime, punishable by fine or imprisonment, or both, for having in one's possession clams under four inches long. A number of slaves were arrested and fined \$25 each. But owing to the fact that they were broke the company paid the fine for them, and I suppose they still owe it.

The Strike

After working eight tides during April, I had dug 560 pounds at \$0.03 per pound, and I owed the company \$80 for fare and groceries. Now I was only one of seventy-five men in this one camp in the same fix. There were six camps, so we began to compare notes as it were, and on May the 7th we went on strike for \$0.04 flat, and no agreement.

There were men from many walks of life to be found on the clam beach, ranging from a corn doctor from Los Angeles to a logger from Duluth. It is a well known fact that unorganized men do not go

on strike unless conditions drive them to it, as a last resort. This strike was no exception in that respect. However, we were confronted with a different situation than the majority of us ever had to deal with.

On May 8th 300 men came into Cordova. Three hundred strikers who had come off the beach to try and improve their conditions were broke to the man. I don't believe there was \$50 in the crowd, and the first thing to do was to find a place to eat and sleep.

The hotels and restaurants gave us credit, but some of us thought it would be better not to go too far in debt, so we established a strike kitchen and secured credit for the strike.

It lasted two weeks and was lost. Most of the men went to work at other work, leaving the company holding the sack.

The Canneries Bad Too

Not only did I find conditions bad on the beach but also in the canneries where these same clams are canned.

Girls are hired to clean clams and get 35 and 40 cents per hundred pounds of cleaned clams. During April these girls made \$5 each. At one cannery one of the girls told me that the most made by any of them at that cannery for the two months of May and June, was \$18. Even at that they were better off in some ways than the men who had done the digging, as they have free fare up and back, and get their board free.

By the 16th of May I decided not to go back to the beach, so I hired out as engineer on a cannery tender for which I received \$135 per month.

Fishing Not Good Sport

I was still to see many bad working conditions. Salmon fishing is anything but pleasant. The fishing here was done on what is known as the Copper River Flats.

These flats are cut with channels leading from the sloughs at the mouth of the river and even the small fishing boats can only navigate while the tide is in. Stake nets were not allowed on the flats in the season of 1925, so the fishing was all done with drift nets during May and June.

The boats used for gill net fishing are small, with scarcely enough room to accommodate two men, so in some cases one man fishes alone. Two hundred and fifty fathoms of net are used, and the drifting is done at slack tide. The fishermen get 75 cents each for King Salmon and fifteen cents each for Sockeyes. Each fisherman is allowed \$45 worth of groceries for his board, and if more are used he must pay for them.

The independent fishermen (those owning their own outfits, and selling to whom they please) get \$1.25 to \$1.50 each for Kings and 30 cents for Reds. These fishermen leave Cordova the first of May for the flats which are thirty miles away. They are obliged to lie out there on those flats in those small boats in all kinds of weather for two months,

and they must work night and day during a run of fish. Their supplies are brought out to them by the cannery tenders which make daily trips. Water and coal are also brought them daily. Most of these men are shipped from Seattle with no guarantee of anything; it all depends on the number of fish. Some years fishermen make good money, while in others they scarcely make anything. The season of 1925 averaged them less than \$200 each. This is not much even for two months' work; but when one considers the time wasted, that they leave Seattle the first part of April and get back there the last of August, it is decidedly small pay.

During July and the first part of August the fish are caught in traps which require less men. A few fishermen take pink salmon with purse seines but the canneries pay only two and a half cents each for these.

Wages paid in the canneries are also low. Most of the labor in the canneries is done by Orientals who get \$280 for the season, while the rest of the crew get \$80 per month and board. The season at these canneries lasts five months.

Ten-Hour Day—Or More

Ten hours is the length of a workday throughout the fishing industry of Alaska. The cannery help is all shipped up from Seattle where they sign an agreement drawn up to give the company all the advantage over the worker.

In this agreement the worker promises to work for the company in Alaska for the season, for so much a month and board, fare from Seattle and return to be paid by the company if said employee stays the entire season; but if he or she quits or is discharged for any reason, the company shall hold out of his or her pay the fare advanced, and any other expenses caused by said employee.

Worth His Salt

On July 9th, having made the last trip to the flats, we were laid off, and I took passage on the S. S. Alaska for La Touche, to look for a master. I arrived there the 10th, and hired out on a floating saltry as a gibber.

Bad conditions were still the order of the day. Low wages, long hours, no facilities for bathing, no place for clothes, lack of fresh water, and no place of recreation are a few things I found to complain about.

Like the clam and salmon canneries, the herring saltries hire the bulk of their help in Seattle, and their agreements are similar: eight dollars per month and board for the monthly men, with fifty cents per hour for overtime. The gibbers signed up to work for 40 cents per bbl. and were to have a bonus of 20 cents per bbl. if they stayed the season.

Piece-work has had the same affect on the slaves in the herring saltries as in other industries. For a few years gibbers were paid \$1 a barrel; only men were hired, and they used good judgment and packed no more than ten barrels a day. But during the

Proletarian Preludes

By I. WILL REBEL

To call an American craft unionist a "proletarian" is like sprinkling a polecat with attar of roses and then dubbing him an American Beauty; but it doesn't change anything, and it's about time the dubbs learned it.

I Wanter be a Miner

I wanter be a Miner and with the Miners roam,
A gunman for my guardian and a bullpen for my home;
I wanter be a member of that free, untrammelled band,
A lamp upon my forehead and a pickaxe in my hand.

I wanter be a Miner-man and hear the pollies sing
The praise of "honest labor" while the big bluewhistlers ring;
To cheer for Uncle Trusty till my empty insides bust,
And follow Johnny Lewis till my ragged form is dust.

LIKE HELLANMARIA I DO.

Whenever I hear a Craft Union bureaucrat denouncing scabbery, I always feel like I am listening to Beelzebub casting out devils, to a creator damning his own creation.

* * *

Craft union organization of mass production industries will get the workers therein exactly what "our soldier boys" were promised when they got back home, and no more". Nothing will be too good for you when you get back home, boys!" sobbed the Law and the Profits, and—nothing it was.

* * *

Workingmen of the World, unite! WE have nothing but our LIVES to lose, and they are not worth a DAMN, anyhow!



Grandfather

Timberbeast

I.W.W. "Lumberjack"

The Simple Epic of the Underground Miner



(By G. L. NEUMANN)

Up the street
In the early morn,
Goin' to work
Sure's you're born.

Reaches the dry,
Flops on a bench
Or gulps some water
His thirst to quench.

Diggin' clothes down,
Now on the floor.
Come on in, Mutt,
Shut that door!

Out of the suit
He wears on the streets
Into the ore
Which always reeks

Of powder and gas
Dirt and sweat.
May need washin'
But not quite yet!

Then checks in,
Fills his lamp,
Shivers like a dog
His clothes are damp

Walks to the headframe
And waits in the sun
Weary as if
His day's work was done.

The shift boss calls
Loud and gruff,
This day's order's
The same old stuff.

"Three more men
On the bottom deck;
Get the lead out
There, you, Speck."

On the cage and
Six bells down,
Then all start cussin'
Old Man Brown.

The bottom deck lands,
The cable slacks,
Then all unload
And shake their backs.

Fool with lamps,
They finally light,
Another day
And nothing's right.

In Crosscut A
Carbon dioxide air,
To make some guy
A millionaire.

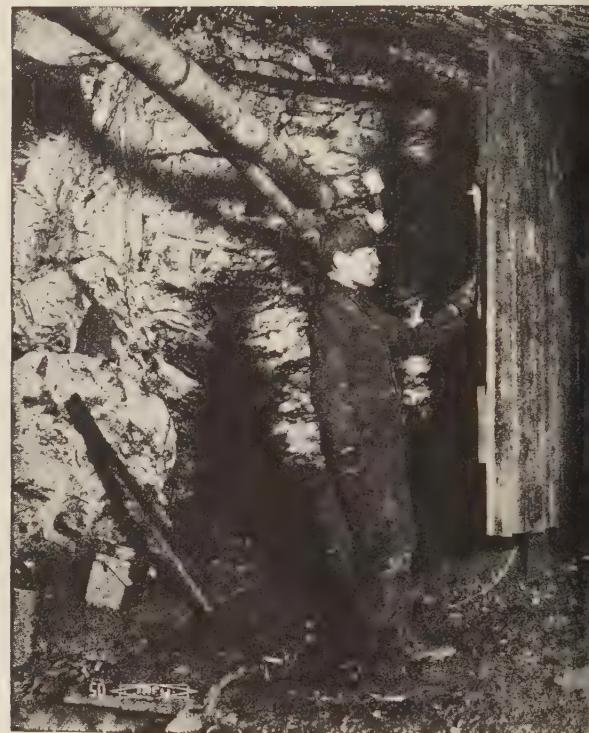
His ax is dull,
His saw is worse,
(Some day he'll be
At the toolroom first).

The machine is clogged,
The steel won't fit,
Still he must
Do his bit.

The air hose leaks,
No water now.
Dust in the eyes,
Sweat on the brow.

Machine set up
And all is well.
Yes it is
Like the very heck!

A little oil,
A twist of the wrist,
The Leyner starts
And makes its grist.



Time for rest,
Time for lunch,
Let's walk up here
And find the bunch.

Grab a laggin'
Or a plank,
Lay yourself out—
Lean and lank.

A slab of punk,
A hunk of meat,
Holy Caeser!
Let us eat.

A piece of cheese,
A pickle, too,
Onions or garlic,
That will do.

Pail empty,
Forbidden to smoke;
Chew or nap
Or play a joke.

Big boss coming,
That's his light. . . .



The pictures on these pages of miners going to work, use draft stock to haul the and a mining town. The and some of the pictures ever, the life is equally equally small, and the great in both.

ers - Written Down by One of Them



es represent a silhouette
 scene where they still
 machine miner at work,
 ers to the metal mines,
 al mining scenes. How-
 the rewards for labor
 r organization equally

We'd better be getting
 Out of sight.

Holes finally in,
 Fair enough,
 Now let's take
 A dip of snuff.

Hunt boss around
 For powder slip.
 (Try not to find him,
 Though, you Dip.)

56 and 14—
 Make 'er out?
 Get the powder
 And walk about.

The round's all in
 But cannot spit
 Now, just where
 Can we sit?

A level boss,
 Big as an ox:
 "Come on, boys,
 Rock in the box."



Up the crosscut
 And down the drift
 Just awaitin'
 To go off shift.

Climb a ladder
 Then crawl back
 To get a bar
 Or a double jack.

Jackhammer, Stopper,
 Where can you be?
 Oh, here you are
 And hoses three.

Quarter of,
 Let's go back,
 Spit our holes,
 Cousin Jack.

The holes spit,
 We're on our way
 Out to the shaft
 And light of day.

March along the drift,
 Stand in line
 For bosses' pleasure,
 And for whistle pine.

But break the line
 (A snarling throat)
 Then you get
 The yellow note.

We pile on deck
 And up we go
 Out of the deep,
 Dark hole below.

Into the dry
 Then a bath
 With maybe a wrestling
 Aftermath.

First to town
 To get the mail;
 Hey there, Mike,
 Here's your pail.

Then to dinner
 Hungry now,
 Wonder what
 We'll have for chow.

Rotten grub,
 Rotten cook,
 Then a ten-cent
 Movie book.

Crawl in bunk,
 Fancy dreams,
 Struck it rich—
 See how it gleams.

Dogs bark,
 Disturb dreams,
 Turned to iron pyrites
 Those yellow seams.

The miner alone
 Can never win;
 The O. B. U.
 Is the thing for him.

Wake Up—Get Wise,
 For Dreams—they fade,
 Join the I. W. W.
 And make the grade!



The Mighty Gods

By SOPHIE SJOMAN.

For none shall move the most high gods
Who are most cruel—being high.

Cry out! Thou shalt learn what prayers are worth,
Thou dust and earth.

—Swinburne.

They will not hear us, though we call
From early dawn till set of sun,
And midnight spreads her sable pall
To hide the deeds that men have done.

They will not answer though we bow
Our heads in meekness to their will—
The mighty gods—they care not how
Our voices echo good or ill.

One thing shall move them—only one—
A power as mighty as their own:
Pray not to them, “Thy will be done!”
But act with deeds of might alone.

Pray, and the heavens mock thy prayer;
Strike, and the gods of earth shall hear;
Thy prayers are made of empty air,
But deeds are golden everywhere.

Too long beneath the masters' whip
The slaves have bent with suppliant knee;
With servile voice and trembling lip
Praying to gods that could not see;

To gods that could not see nor hear
 The palsying hand—the tearful cry;
But now the hosts of might shall bear
 A mightier summons to the sky.

With hearts aflame and muscle taut,
United in one iron band,
The hosts that long have freedom sought
Are rallying in every land.

And power, not prayer, their rallying call
Henceforth and evermore shall be
Till every tyrant power shall fall—
Industrial Solidarity!

This article, by a student in the I. W. W. Work People's College, at Duluth, Minn., shows what members in that institution are capable of producing. It is a timely and thoughtful piece of work, based on a knowledge of statistics unknown to most people and interpreted by a correct theory.—EDITOR IND. PIONEER.

Woman in the Post War Period

By LEMPI KAHRA

THE tragedy of woman is written deeply across the pages of the war period and the succeeding years of dilatory reconstruction. Through it all she has been the martyr of human greed even more than man. It is her mission under capitalism to be a breeder of soldiers both of war and industry and then, when capitalist accumulation has stimulated the birth rate abnormally, to enter the field of industry and compete her breadwinner into the depths of unemployment and vagabondage.

In capitalist society woman plays a double role. First, as a competitive worker in industry, and second as the medium through which expanding capital produces the phenomenon of redundant working-class population, with increased competition and resultant hunger and misery. In the first role she displaces man in industry by introducing a cheaper form of labor power. In the second role she becomes temporarily a dependent of the male worker as wife and mother, and thereby breeds the human material for the industrial reserve army of unemployed labor. Then, when the cycle of capitalist accumulation again gluts its coffers with the exploited products of her breadwinner's toil; when intensified competition in the struggle for markets between capitalists forces a reduction in wages and costs of production, she responds again to the competitive demand for cheaper labor power and, leaving her love dreams to the gods of chance and the day nurseries, she enters industry to take her husband's place.

What becomes of her husband, we workers know. Every court of domestic relations knows, too. Cast upon the street in a period of industrial depression, the husband succumbs to the deteriorating influence of long periods of idleness, and abandons the futile struggle to maintain a family. To be sure, he does not succumb without a struggle. There are many stages in the descent. First, heroic effort, then discouragement, apathy, despair, drink, petty crime, or vagrancy follow, and finally a wanderlust that calls him to leave his scene of defeat and migrate over the ways of the earth known to the itinerant and the hobo. But the woman remains with the children. In them she has given hostages to fortune and she cannot escape. There is left to her, her mother love and the factory or shop, and the rearing of the children the cruel "god" of capitalism has forced upon her.

In the census decade of 1910-20, marked by the World War, the total number of women over ten years of age in industry increased to a total of

8,549,511, a gain of about 500,000 over the preceding decade. Yet, in spite of this, the population increased faster still, so that there was a relative decrease in the total number of women industrially employed from 23.4% in 1910 to 21.1% in 1920. This relative decrease might at first seem encouraging, but the application of a little Marxian analysis reveals the operation of the Marxian law of capitalist accumulation with its co-relative of an increase in the surplus population.

The war expansion of capital, by temporarily increasing wages increased the number of marriages. Woman withdrew from industry to take up her natural duties of wife and mother. At least, these duties would be natural under a sane system of social production and distribution of wealth. But the after-war reaction came. The frenzied expansion of wartime was over. Wages were reduced. Living costs advanced. The illusion of permanent prosperity based upon war inflation and destruction vanished. The cold awakening in the dawn of reality came. The returned soldiers joined the anxious throngs on the "skid roads," competing for jobs. The working women who had dared fate by indulging a daydream of romance, love and home, found their husbands out of work or reduced to the wages of "normalcy." With babies clinging to their skirts, they bravely took up the burden and again entered industry to eke out their husbands' earnings with their own, or worse, to support their children alone, deserted. Benevolent capitalism gave them day nurseries as substitutes for homes at the same time that it drove their male breadwinners into the streets to join the army of the unemployed.

The Malthusian conception that war decreases the total population is thus shown to be an error. The redundant birth rate established by these war marriages more than replaced the millions slain. The old theory of positive checks to population in the forms of war, pestilence and famine were again exposed as fallacies. War and pestilence and famine, the triple scourges of the human race, descended

together upon the earth like the locusts that fell on Pharaoh's kingdom. But no "Golden Age of Labor" followed. The children of the proletariat still swarm in increasing numbers in our slums and the homeless, starving poor huddle in barracks or join the increasing throngs of the hunger-driven protestants called criminals. Vice flourishes like a green bay tree. All the phenomena of a disordered birth rate appear. Child labor increases and gains national sanction by Supreme Court decision.

The government's statistics of 1920 show approximately 2,000,000 married women engaged in industry and the United States Women's Bureau emphasizes the fact in its 1924 bulletins that "marriage does not necessarily mean a release of women from breadwinning activities, but frequently greater economic responsibilities." The American Labor Year Book for 1925 says:

"Of nearly 40,000 women and girls studied in four communities, 55% were or had been married. Nearly two-thirds of these married women had wage-earning husbands. More than half of them were mothers. Two-fifths of the mothers had children less than five years old."

These children are the offspring of the war expansion and false optimism that caused the normally single workers to undertake the responsibilities of families under the influence of high wages and war prosperity. The United States Children's Bureau's Twelfth Annual Report, 1924, states that "of 34 cities furnishing the bureau with statistics, 30 reported an increase in the number of 14 and 15-year-old children employed during the calendar year

1923, in comparison with 1922. This resulted from the annulment of the Federal Child Labor law in 1922." Since that time children have taken the place of men in sugar, fruit and vegetable canning, textile, and other industries.

What is woman going to do about it? Her tenderest and noblest aspirations, her love impulses, her maternal instincts are capitalized. If she brings children into the world it is to see them torn from the cradle and the home of which she dreamed, to stock the slave market with their tender bodies. If she practices Malthusian abstinence the purlieus of vice testify to the result. Even this latter is more merciful than the home-destroying influence of capitalist industry. One lesson, at least, might be learned from Margaret Sanger—to refrain from slave breeding, to check that "reproductive ability of the working class which gluts the channels of progress with the helpless and weak, and stimulates the tyrants of the earth in their oppression of mankind."

And last but not least, there is organization and education in preparation for that day when capitalism shall be no more. From the brothel, the slum, the jungle and the slave barracks, the voice of judgment cries out. Let the women of industry lend their voice and action to the agencies of emancipation. Industrial unionism will lead through orderly processes to that deliverance which otherwise women must acclaim as the coming of the

"—Fiery, red-winged angel of the devil
To give her back her soul and womanhood."

The Next Step In Conscription



"Dollar a year" patriot, member of Valorous Citiziens League for the Enforcement of the Law for Compulsory Pregnancy, (threateningly), "Mrs. Newlywed, it has come to our attention that you have been married four months and no report has been made regarding your physical condition.

In view of the fact that your examining physician's report certifies that both you and your husband are capable, legal procedure will be taken to enforce the law,—unless—a **favorable** report is made within the next few days!"

Crime Salesmanship and Such Things

By SAM MURRAY

FHERE is one point upon which nearly all people will agree no matter how much they may differ as to the cause or remedy and that is that crime is increasing in this country at an alarming rate. We are constantly meeting with reference to it. In our daily and weekly press, in our large magazines, and from both the pulpit and bench we are being showered with what almost amounts to a wail of despair over the uncontrollable flood of crime that is raging through the land and which threatens to engulf our whole population in an orgy of lawlessness and transform us into a race of crooks.

Lately the Saturday Evening Post has been publishing a series of articles by Richard Washburn Child on the subject under the title of "Our Great National Scandal". Child is a fairly good writer and uncovers some interesting facts but in the end he seems to fall down miserably in the matter of getting at the root of the problem.

Crime A Well Organized Industry!

In his first article he discovers that crime has become a well organized and important industry. For example: If you are an unemployed but competent burglar and wish to engage in your regular vocation you do just as, say, a plumber would under similar circumstances. He goes, not to the house of someone whose plumbing may need looking after but to the office of a firm engaged in the business of installing and repairing plumbing and if needed he is furnished with the necessary information and plans and sent to the place where his services are required and when finished the firm collects for the work and pays him a part in wages.

The burglar is engaged in an office of the organized crime ring which is probably masquerading as a real estate or investment office. Here he is given plans and specifications of a house to be burglarized, a master planner having thought out all the details and accumulated all the facts that might be of use to the skilled operative. Also, the matter of disposing of the loot and furnishing the burglar with plans for the getaway or defense and alibi in case of a pinch is carefully attended to.

After reading this first article in the long series, which one would naturally expect to be the foundation of what is to follow, you look for further information about the crime ring and suggestions as to how society is to cope with it. However we find absolutely no reference to it and the situation is dealt with as though no such a thing as a crime organization existed and the whole problem was a matter of dealing with the individual criminal. Why is this? You wonder what has happened during the few weeks that intervened between the appearance of the first and second article of the series. Has the crime octopus become so powerful and well organized that it can forestall publicity just as the other great combines do? It looks that way and if so how is the future to cope with the problem? If



the ring is in a position to command hands off and the only criminal who is in danger of apprehension is the one who attempts to get it alone, which condition is largely true of the bootlegging industry, then capitalism has gotten itself into a sorry mess. Be that as it may be, we learn no more from Child about the crime organization as he leads us through a mass of words and repetitions that takes up ten lengthy articles in which he joins in the popular clamor that has been so noticeable of late that the "pampering" of criminals shall cease and cries for a greater vengeance to be wreaked on the victims of the system. Well at any rate this cannot interfere seriously with a well organized crime ring for even if an occasional member is sent up his pull will protect him from the rough stuff that is being handed out to the obscure and friendless criminal. It is just what one might expect, not from reformers but from a ring of grafters upon whose usurped domain some individual has dared to trespass.

Startling Facts Disclosed!

However whether the real facts are as suggested or not the analysis of some of his findings are interesting and instructive in showing the inability of the present civilization to protect itself from the facts of its own practices and teachings.

Here are a few of the discoveries he makes: Not one killer in a hundred suffers the death penalty, in fifteen years the average age of the inmates of our penal institutions shrank ten years, or in other words if the average was thirty-six it would now be twenty-six and if the same shrinkage occurred the

age to stand up for his rights and try to induce his fellow workers to do so.

In repeating the old platitudes to account for the great increase of crime he fails to note that the causes—so-called—are merely the effect of the economic system. The downfall of the religion of the last century supposed by a conventional fiction to be the religion that one Jesus Christ taught two thousand years ago, and the breaking up of the "American home" upon which that religion was largely based is purely the result of the high development obtained by capitalism in this country and if any simp thinks that he can revive the "Good Old Days" he is away off.

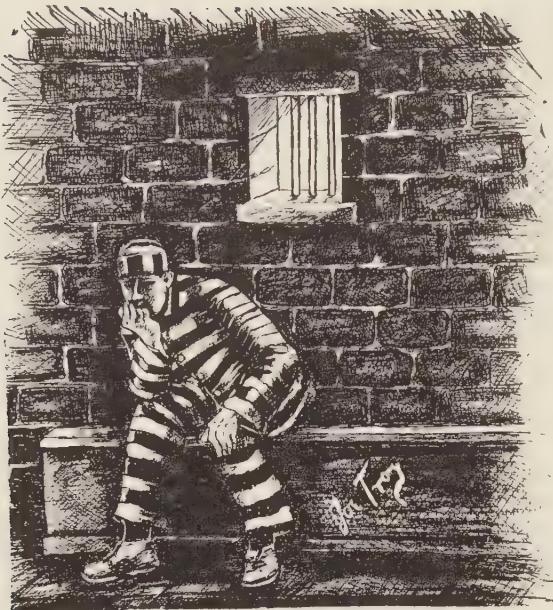
There may be some of the features of the old system that are good particularly when viewed in light of old prejudices and measured on the scale of old beliefs and standards but the old is dead and the new is alive. People who are shocked at the criminal tendencies of the present may look with regret upon the passing of the time when the family instead of the factory or salesroom was the unit of society but modern civilization, the expression of modern production and exchange, will continue and so will its good and evil features until it has worked out its destiny and been superceded by something else.

In the "Good Old Days" the family, on the farm, the shop or the manor house, was the social unit, and ideas and customs developed accordingly. The young girl worked under the watchful care of her mother, the one person most concerned in her welfare. The boy generally grew up on his father's farm or learned his trade in his father's shop and was taught to take pride in his work and the consequent development of the sense of workmanship reflected itself in his character. Instead of the dull monotony of the modern factory where the professional nutscrewer swelters away his irksome hours the son of the village blacksmith sang to the accompaniment of his hammer which fashioned article after article while each scintillating spark as it flashed from the face of his anvil radiated the joy of creative work. There are two classes of people who never sing at their work but toil in sullen silence—they are the convicts in our prisons and the industrial slaves of our modern factories.

Crime Flood Economic.

We take the stand that the criminal tendencies of the present are either due to economic stress or criminal influence incidental to the present economic order. Now if it is true, as everybody seems to admit, that America is the most criminal country then it is also true that the cause of this circumstance is to be found in some of the peculiar factors of our economic life.

I have been offered the opportunity within the last year of renewing my acquaintance with that part of the country that is the most distinctly American—particularly in the sense of the post-war one hundred per cent variety—the Central States. It is



PRISON—AS THE WOBBLIES FIND IT

next fifteen years we could expect our prisons by 1940 to be filled with youths of sixteen years. He also notes that there is an increasing number of criminals among the well-to-do but misses the significance of the fact that nearly all crimes are committed by the idle and pampered well-to-do and the degraded poor.

A few of the causes he suggests are: Downfall of religion, wrong kinds of moving pictures, "Drunk on thrills," breaking up the American home, pampering of criminals and making of American prisons such desirable places that criminals have no dread of them, breakdown of the law and that we are "becoming a nation of nomads".

The Usual Bourgeois Claptrap.

There is nothing new in the above. One runs across about the same stuff wherever crime is discussed. While some of the causes given are genuine, to the member of the I. W. W. who has been in the clutches of the law, this stuff about pampering of criminals and the attractive charter of our prisons will seem like a joke.

He claims that not one killer in a hundred suffers the death penalty but says nothing about the fact that of the members of the I. W. W. arrested for Criminal Syndicalism in California about fifty per cent are convicted although none of them have ever been proven guilty of an overt act. Tom Connors is given five years for a crime of which he is innocent while in an adjoining county a man proven guilty of the same offense is given five days—not much breakdown of the law where an I. W. W. is concerned. It is far safer to be a safe blower, murderer or malefactor of any stripe than a worker with the spirit to refuse to be a snitch and to have the cour-

here that you meet up with the opulent moronism, the mediocre respectability that has been immortalized by such writers as Sinclair Lewis and Sherwood Anderson and I could not help but note some interesting developments. With them salesmanship is the true measure of mature manhood and productive labor is in disrepute. One can understand how Los Angeles has come by her peculiar psychological atmosphere when he remembers that her population is largely made up out of the successful dollar chasers of the Middle States. (Of the many geniuses produced in California since '49 not one has come from south of the Tehatchepi Pass.) One also notes the development of the real estate game, particularly in Ohio and Michigan. It is surprising the amount of land in this fertile agricultural region that has been withdrawn from cultivation and set out in lots. Strange to say, the same class of people are buying who are selling: an exchange of property between property worshipers for speculative purposes.

There are as many colleges as there are bull rings in Spain and each is under the control of one of the many Protestant sects. College graduates are as plentiful as fleas in a Frisco two-bits lodging house and most of them are engaged in some branch of the selling game and all are devoutly Protestant. the "Klan" flourishes like the proverbial green bay tree. A double halo of glory awaits anyone who can discover evidence that Jesus Christ was a real estate salesman instead of a carpenter. Bryan and his Fundamentalism are at a discount and the Bible stories don't seem to be taken very seriously, yet you are expected to accept a religion that has no foundation outside the Bible under penalty of losing caste. Conversations when not running to real estate or religion are usually on disease or death and subjects of general interest are seldom dealt with.

Sowing the Winds of Salesmanship and Thrills and Reaping a Whirlwind of Crime

Besides the worship of salesmanship the most pronounced feature of the American character is the thirst for thrills, or as foreigners often put it, "Americans crave excitement". This attribute has an historical background that will be obvious to any intelligent student of American history. Our movies and popular fiction abound in thrills yet there is no more reason why the normal person should crave thrills than that he should have a desire for whiskey or narcotics until the habit has been fostered. Of the three I am convinced that the former is by far the most potent in promoting crime yet the most conventional of American homes encourage this trait.

Some time ago I observed a book in the living room of a middle-class family with growing children. It was written by a mediocre author whose name I have forgotten and entitled, "His Father's Son" and was a story of that imaginary West that never had any existence outside of the movies and low-

class fiction. Every page contained a thrill but the whole book contained not a single fact that would add to the readers intelligence or inspire him with a thirst for knowledge or a desire for truth. The book ended in true melodramatic style; the hero got the girl and the villain got the can. It also contained nothing disturbing to last century's ideas and prejudices, so in the eyes of respectability it contained a sufficient moral and was a safe and desirable publication. And this in general is the class of literature endorsed in this country. However the patron of thrilling novels and moving pictures is not generally affected by the moral. He, no doubt, would prefer to imitate the hero if he had the character and courage to do so but it is far easier to get drunk on moonshine, steal an automobile or murder a fourteen year old child.

Salesmanship and Crime.

The importance of the spirit of salesmanship as a factor in developing the character of America is always overlooked by investigators and for obvious reasons, yet it is self-evident. The salesman must always overrate the article he sells whether it is an automobile or a pair of socks. He makes his gain not by creating something but by getting it away from the other fellow so that his vocation develops the predatory at the expense of the creative instinct. No matter whether he exaggerates ten per cent beyond the facts or perpetrates an absolute fraud by selling a worthless article at a fabulous price there is always present that element of fraud and the predatory impulse. This is why the present American generation is habitually criminal.

Sydney A. Reeve claims that during the period 1870-1910 the people engaged in producing food and clothing increased 35 per cent, commercial pursuits 240 per cent and salesmanship 456 per cent. Is it any wonder that crime is increasing; that in a late survey in New York the criminals were found to be above the average in intelligence? They were educated for criminal careers and in organizing they are merely following the lead of other lines of business. This will also explain why it is becoming more respectable to be a criminal than a useful worker and a greater crime to organize a union than to rob a house.

Faulty Statistics.

Still, statistics based on the investigation of inmates of prisons are unreliable and of little worth as they take no account of the fact that probably not one criminal in twenty is apprehended and furthermore they take no account of the frame-up, which is an established and highly developed art in American court and police circles. With the typical judge or district attorney the matter of finding the guilty party is secondary to that of securing a "subject" against whom they can frame up a conviction even though they have to use the perjured testimony of the denizens of the underworld who may have been brow-beaten into testifying because

the police have something on them. All they want is a "record" with no comma's misplaced and no technical error on the part of the court. It is safe to say that fully fifty per cent of the convicts are victims of a frame-up, the guilty party having escaped.

People who have learned the inside facts about the Mooney case generally regard it as an exception. However Tom Mooney and Warren K. Billings were regularly framed in accordance with the best traditions of American court procedure.

In the face of the above facts it is plain that any set of statistics taken from the inmates of prisons perverting to show the percentage of criminals among foreigners, negroes or migratory workers (Nomads) is questionable. The guilty native or "homeguard" will often escape and the friendless stranger be victimized in his place. I know of the case of a Russian who was serving a four year term for forgery, who could not speak English and could not read or write Russian, the only language he knew. The above mentioned class of persons make good "subjects" for the frameup and therefore they loom up big among the five per cent that are caught.

Foreigners and Crime.

It may be true that some foreigners have peculiar traits that lead them into a certain class of crimes but why is it that there are not more crimes in their own countries? An American city with less than a hundred thousand of these foreigners will produce more crime than millions of the same people at home. I feel certain that the foreign criminal is more often the so-called "Americanized" foreigner. If they live their simple lives and observe their modest customs they seldom get into mischief but they are often unsophisticated peasants who have read thrilling stories of wild life in America so that they fall easy prey for the allurements of American underworld life especially after a few years of the degenerating influence and the slavery of our factory system.

It is also claimed by some investigators that the children of foreigners are often more criminal than either their parents or the native Americans of a farther remove. This is no more than natural. Raised in a bad environment and looked down upon more or less by both sides they have learned too much about America for the patient submission that has characterized their parents.

The young Americanized foreigner often tries to outdo the native in his vain display of wealth. I know a case of a mechanic who spent \$500 for an engagement ring for his fiancee. They will sometimes spend the results of years of saving on a wedding and then retire to a couple of rooms in a back alley and proceed to litter the town up with half starved kids. This is bound to lead to trouble—yet moron respectability encourages this very thing and constantly warns the "ignorant foreigner" against the saner advice of the revolutionary agi-

tator. It is a noticeable fact that there is little crime among the revolutionists either foreign or domestic, except the common "cirme" of opposing a crime breeding system.

The Remedy.

If our premise is correct that crime (in the general sense) is economic, than the remedy must be economic and the doling out of more severe punishment will be of little consequence, as will also be any kind of prison reform. Some of Child's proposals in his ten breezy articles are well fitted for the joke column. He claims that the murder of an old woman for a few dollars in Chicago was due to the failure to hang Loeb and Leopold. According to his idea they were afraid of hanging but were willing to do life for the privilege of securing a few dollars. The claim that punishment is a deterrent to crime may be true in some cases but to suppose that the average criminal stops to consider whether he will hang or get life or as to just how long he will serve is ridiculous. The gambling spirit developed by our sport columns and the spirit of salesmanship will always induce him to take a chance.

Child's pet remedy is to organize civil committees whose purpose will be to jack up the police and courts and in a general way deal with the crime problem. To all of this we can only give the laugh. The history of all these uprisings of the "respectable" element is that it only works until some other fad gains their attention and then it "peters out". As a crime doctor he is the bunk.

In fact, there is no remedy for the crime problem that will be reasonably effective so long as the condition that promotes it prevails. When the rank individualism which prevails at present has been superceded by the spirit of helpfulness that every experienced worker knows follows in the wake of industrial unionism and when the mind of the worker is turned from the frivolous matters that now gain his attention to the purposes of the union, this, with the better conditions consequently prevailing on the jobs, will tend to create in him good habits of workmanship and a remolding of character far beyond anything that has prevailed in the past.

Respect for the law as we know it under the rotten system of court procedure will only aggravate the evil. Instead we must agitate incessantly for the complete overthrow of the institution of law based on technical jurisprudence. A system born of an age of small scale production has now become a mere tool in the hands of professional politicians who know nothing and care less about our needs under the system, never having themselves done anything useful under it, and whose only purpose is to shake down bootleggers, sell favors to corporations and oppress union men.

It may be argued that this is all well in theory but since the world is not run by theories but by economic law then if salesmanship and crime are increasing will they not continue to do so? Very

well, but we must also remember that all law is subject to the universal law of change.

In the early days when war was carried on more cheaply and the cost was less than the value of the loot, war was a legitimate enterprise, but now that it (as a general proposition) no longer pays, there is a great cry going up to outlaw war. Things did not remain as they were and will not remain as they are. Sydney A. Reeve shows that out of every dollar that the consumer pays for a commodity more than fifty cents goes to salesmanship and similar non-productive activities. Will a system like this continue to prevail against a saner system of production for use?

The age of salesmanship is but a passing phase in the development of capitalism. Already we see signs of its nemesis. Chain stores, mail order houses, and other institutions of the larger development of capitalism all tend toward the elimination of useless expenditure so that the indication is that sooner or later distribution will be reduced to the same degree of efficiency now reached in the most advanced productive industries, that the finished product will reach the ultimate consumer without any useless outlay.

Also, in respect to the law: Great industries no longer look to the government for aid and defy when they do not command it. Intelligent working-man are also learning the lesson. Only mediocre respectability and its dupes are "law abiding and patriotic," and all signs seem to indicate that the time is near at hand when both technical law and parliamentary methods of government will be in the discard. Humanity emancipated from the illusions of the past will be in a position to face the cold facts of the present, unhampered by political and religious superstitions and to prepare for a future where labor will come into its own, where merit will be the measure of reward and where there will be no place for crime except that negligible quantity classed by Professor Ferri as "non-economic crimes" and as these are mostly pathological they can be dealt with accordingly by the most advanced scientific methods that an improved age can afford.

You can talk as you will about the "Good Old Times" and crab all you like about the wicked and criminal character of the present, there are brighter stars beyond the futures portal than have ever shone before.

And They Want To Hang Richard Ford!

"Not one killer in a hundred suffers the death penalty," says Child, but Capitalism, which won't hurt you much if you kill a picket or sell poison booze, will hang you for merely organizing a strike. That's all Ford did, and he served eleven years for it, and next month will be tried again. Send funds for his defense to Sec'y. Cal. Branch of the General Defense, Box 574, San Francisco, Cal.

Slavery in Alaska

(Continued from Page 14)

war women were hired, and they were anxious to get rich quickly, and packed as high as twenty barrels. The usual cut in wages followed. And now they must pack seventeen barrels to receive as much as they formerly received for ten.

The fishermen are hired in two different ways: first (or the old way) they get \$50 a month and board, and seven cents a barrel, this to be based on the amount of fish packed; secondly, (or the new way), they pay the fishing crew \$1 per barrel, to be divided among five men. This new way is becoming very popular with the companies, for if there is no fish, the men receive no pay.

After working aboard this saltry for a month, we found out that other floating saltries were paying 75 cents for gibbing, but owing to the bonus system most of the crew were afraid to demand an increase. After nearly another month they did get up courage enough to meekly ask for 75 cents per barrel, but were told that they could work for sixty or be paid off at forty. And as that would mean a loss of about \$120 each, they decided to work. As for me, I was hired in Alaska, and at a flat scale, so I called for my walking papers. On September 3 I boarded the S. S. Redondo at Blue Fox Bay (where the Floating Saltry was anchored) and on Sunday, September 6, arrived at Seldovia.

The Whims of Poor Fish

Now I heard that the saltries there would run until the first of the year, so I expected to get work and complete my winter stake, but on arriving there I found that there were no herring running at that time.

I got a room at the only hotel and proceeded to wait for the herring to decide to come, and incidently I began to spend my winter stake, as it cost me from three to five dollars to live in Seldovia.

To make a long story short, I waited until the first of October for that elusive job to show up. Then I was lucky enough to get signed onto a four-masted schooner bound for Seattle.

Leaving Seldovia October 4 we battled with tides and head winds for nine days and lost nearly all the sails and dropped anchor at Seldovia; we never got more than thirty miles out, and the wind would drive us back. As I never was a sailor, and had never been to sea, I will not say anything about conditions on this schooner as I suppose they were the same as on all other sailing vessels. On the 16th of October we were paid off and the next boat was due the 6th of November.

Good-bye my winter stake.

The third article in "The Workers' Play" series has been unavoidable omitted from this issue. We hope to resume the series next month.—EDITOR.



HENDRICK VAN LOON

In red letters on the jacket of the latest book by Hendrick Willem Van Loon attention is called to the

**A Bible For
A Classless
World** the fact that this man is the author of "The Story of Mankind". That, presumably, is the reason for his writing,

"Tolerance". Probably it is also the reason he wrote, "The Story of the Bible". For in "The Story of Mankind," Van Loon, attempting to make history easy for children, charmed millions of adults with his simple, rather quaint, straightforward, homely Dutch style, and became a "best seller." Naturally he has tried to do it again, and I am of the opinion he has not succeeded.

For "The History of Mankind" was really a history, inaccurate in spots, but primarily a setting down of fact in a rather pleasing way. "Tolerance" is too little a history of free speech (as it purports to be) and too much a sort of rambling Liberal lecture on the evils of revolution, for Van Loon is horrified to find that all the revolutions thus far, have involved a period of bitter struggle, in which the revolutionists forgot to be gentlemen and ladies, and showed a tendency to stuff the mouths of their traducers with grave dust, or choke their words short with nooses.

There is no place in Van Loon's philosophy for a class war to the very death of an oppressing class, and unfortunately, all class wars known to history have been of this type. Indeed, once the actual final battle is on, I do not see how it is to be avoided that there will be a period during which "tolerance" of the enemy, especially of the recently defeated former ruling class, will be the most suicidal folly, resulting in groups to which history has signaled, "exit" rushing once more onto the stage of human affairs, and turning mere drama into tragedy. When the workers get control of the industries, Van Loon will immediately demand the greatest and widest tolerance for the former owners of the industries, and all their friends and agents, agents provocateurs included, and counter revolution will immediately raise its head if his words are heeded.

The reason for Van Loon's attitude on this point, which he shows in his discussion of the Reformation, the Cromwellian Revolt, the Great French Revolution, and the present proletarian revolution, is that

Book Reviews

he like most of the educated Liberals, does not want any revolution. Liberals are publicists, and authors, and college professors, and doctors and lawyers. They live busy (but not too busy) comfortable (but not luxurious) lives, and they find themselves perfectly safe and happy as long as they deal with pure science, philosophy, and similar studies. Revolution has little to offer them, and would temporarily interfere with their work. Their work is of such a nature that strife plays no part in it, and free discussion a great part. Naturally this intermediate group of literateurs and pedagogs sees no real need for the workers to get the industries, and is in no hurry about it, when it does in isolated cases, see the need of a change in the social system. Van Loon expresses its attitude perfectly when he says:

"The human race is possessed of almost incredible vitality.

"It has survived theology.

"In due time it will survive industrialism.

"It has lived through cholera and plague, high heels and blue laws.

"It will also learn how to overcome the many spiritual ills which beset the present generation.

"History, chary of revealing her secrets, has thus far taught us one great lesson.

"What the hand of man has done, the hand of man can also undo.

"It is a question of courage, and next to courage, of education." (p. 395.)

This is the true voice of the Liberal. It is the voice of a group of people who are proving up to the hilt the Marxian theory that people's thoughts and most of all their thoughts on social movements and structures usually depend on the way they make their living. On pages 352, 353 of "Tolerance" we have the same thing in other words. Van Loon says there are three types of statesmanship. One is the type which despises the common herd and deliberately starts out to rule them for their own good, and this type establishes "emperors, sultans, sachems,* sheiks and archbishops and they rarely regard labor unions as an essential part of civilization."

* NOTE.—Van Loon is wrong about sachems—see Morgans, "Ancient Society".

The second type is the group of oligarchs, dictators, first consuls, and Lord protectors, who think mankind is all right in the main, but that executive business is best handled through the trusted friends of the people.

Then the third group is the Liberals—hear Van Loon on his own class: "They contemplate man with the sober eye of science and accept him as he is. They appreciate his good qualities, they understand his limitations. They are convinced from a long observation of past events that the average citizen, when not under the influence of passion or self-interest, tries, really very hard to do what is right. But they make themselves no false illusions. They know that the natural process of growth is exceedingly slow, that it would be as futile to try and hasten the tides or the seasons as the growth of human intelligence. They are rarely invited to assume the government of a state, but whenever they have a chance to put their ideas into action, they build roads, improve the jails and spend the rest of the available funds upon schools and universities. For they are such incorrigible optimists that they believe that education of the right sort will gradually rid this world of most of its ancient evils and is therefore a thing that ought to be encouraged at all costs."

There is much more of this sort of thing scattered through the book, or perhaps it would be better to say, there is a certain amount of history and biography scattered through a book on this sort of a philosophy. If we add to the above two quotations the statement that Van Loon believes that intolerance comes from fear, and that sometime, in ten thousand years or a hundred thousand years, when education shall have conquered fear, there will also be perfect tolerance, we have a fair summary of his theory.

In a sense we can agree with him. It is fear of losing its fat and having to go to work that makes the present ruling class pass Criminal Syndicalism laws, as another ruling class established an Inquisition. But unfortunately for us, the working class, which is afraid all the time of losing jobs, or losing its heavenly home, or its well mortgaged bungalows in the suburbs, and its individual reputations for being good slaves, is also tolerant—too damn tolerant of bad conditions, and low pay, and millionaires, and preachers, and international wars for the House of Morgan, and unemployment. I think it is too tolerant of the whole outfit of middle-class Liberals who tell it to be more tolerant.

The workers need the industries. When they get the industries and have managed to establish a classless society, then "Tolerance" will be good advice. When there are no vested selfish interests either ruling the world in defiance of the masses of the people and exploiting those masses, or organizing counter revolutions to take back what has just been taken from them, then will fear disappear, at least the fear of losing your wealth and the fear of

being fired, and then we can all be calm, cold, collected scientists—but not until then.

Meanwhile, workers who are not as much interested in petty bourgeois theory as they are in the story of the fight which each successive revolutionary group has had to wage for the privilege of putting out its propaganda, will do well to avoid Van Loon and possess themselves of a somewhat older book, Bury's "History of the Freedom of Thought" (Home University Library) where in a third as many words, with considerably more accuracy of detail, at one fifth the price, they will find the facts they want. The philosophy is hardly better, but there is much less of it, and that is an advantage over Van Loon.

CARD 794514.

TOLERANCE, by Hendrick Willem Van Loon, Boni and Liveright, New York. Price, \$3.

The gifted author of "Poor White," "Marching Men," "Winesburg, Ohio" and other stories, has again created a tale that is easy to read in "Dark Laughter". Sherwood Anderson's latest novel is variously described by literary critics as "a better thing than his superb 'Winesburg, Ohio'; "Some of the most marvelous writing Mr. Anderson has ever done"; "a bid for immortality," and so on.

The story is about a newspaper reporter whose wife is a feature writer and also engages much of her time in writing a fanciful novel which calls forth the amusement of her husband. But this is silent. He merely smiles, maddening her. Their interests seem very different, and his smile is as cruel to her as is her oft-expressed thought that her husband is unreliable, flighty.

However, the latter estimate seems correct. One evening after having driven her from their apartment with that quiet smile of superiority, he starts out without even leaving a note and goes down the Ohio and Mississippi in a boat, something after the fashion of Huckleberry Finn—just drifting along in no hurry. He stays for months in New Orleans. Then northward he turns again to Old Harbor, Ohio, where he spent his boyhood. He has changed his name.

In Old Harbor he secures work at varnishing automobile wheels. Here he labors beside Sponge Martin, a distinctive character who goes, in good weather, on fishing parties with his "Old Woman". They take along some moonshine stimulant and while the fire smoulders low in the mild night air, and the lines are out in the stream these two, beneath the magical potency of the booze, drop off their years and she "acts like a kid". Reality grows hazy, they do not see each other's wrinkles nor the other blighting marks of adding years. Their youth is renewed; love knows a renaissance; the factory is forgotten; the night both soothes and stirs, and they are happy.

These two are figures to be remembered, more I think than the central character and his women. Oh, yes, there are women connected with this Bruce

Dudley, the runaway reporter. In Old Harbor he excites the interest of his employer's wife, who frequently drives down from the hill where she lives to the factory to take her husband home. Sponge notes her regard and joshes Bruce about it. Bruce takes "the bull by the horns" and applies at her residence for a job as gardener. He gets it. She is pleased while her husband is irritated. Perhaps he scents disaster.

In time Bruce seduces the willing wife while her husband is parading down town on Armistice Day. Soon after that she tells him that she is to have a child. Bruce has quit and gone out of the scene. But he comes back and persuades the woman to go away with him. She tells her husband her intention and that the child to be born is not his. They leave in the night. The negroes who are servants in the household come home with their beaux, and the disconsolate husband, the town's leading citizen, young and rich, hears them laughing shrilly as one says: "I knowed it all the time".

But the husband attempts to console himself by thinking of the indigent lover trying to take care of his pampered wife whose shoes are made to order at thirty dollars a pair, and of the twenty pairs she is used to having at all times.

And that's about all the story. Dudley makes a weak figure, strong only in a sort of sadism, a maliciousness which prompts his quiet smile of derision and causes him to take a woman, in whom he is not greatly concerned, from her husband. They are two drifters meeting on a muddy stream, this erstwhile reporter and the manufacturer's wife. But that the latter should go away from luxury with a penniless man is seldom supported by the actualities of life, and the act has something about it, if not desperate, then certainly heroic. It is passion overruling reason, raising a wall between the future and clear vision.

The story, as are all of Anderson's, is simply told, so simply, with such ordinary language that it seems an excess in this direction. His technique is almost patently studied, and verges on tautology in many places. Still there is much beauty of description, and keen penetration of the ways in which minds work. The psychological concern of this author, and his Sponge Martin make the book worth reading while the praises raised upon its publication appear exaggerations. Perhaps they were sounded partly because of Anderson's courage in dealing with a subject just a fraction as frankly as Europe's best writers limn it. There is in the psychological novel, in the novel of life as it really moves, no successful evasion of sex possible. Puritanical England and America hypocritically brand candid mention of sex pornography. If that be true think of the great works of literature that fall under this reprobation. "Madame Bovary," "The Red Lily," "Growth of the Soil"; even much of "Les Miserables" and "Germinal"! Just a few, to illustrate. Here is an Index Expurgatorius by the killjoys which would

fling into oblivion much of the world's greatest literature.

For daring, even so mildly, and with employment of suggestions and subterfuges, to defy this Sumnerizing Anderson is to be congratulated.

ROBERT GRAYSON.

Dark Laughter, by Sherwood Anderson. Boni and Liveright, New York. Price, \$2.50.

Considerable interest is attached to the various attempts that have been made to introduce into common use an international auxiliary language. It seems, however, that most of the literature published on the subject deals with the merits or demerits of the different projects proposed rather than with the feasibility and soundness of the idea. The book called, "Ido (Problem of an International Auxiliary Language)" by Luther H. Dyer, tells of the latest plan and gives arguments in favor of its general adoption.

The language barrier to the dissemination of ideas is generally overestimated and there is no evidence to prove that if all the great nations of the world would adopt a common language that there would be any noticeable abatement in prevailing jealousies and animosities.

We do not have wars because nations misunderstand each other's motives, the reverse comes nearer being the truth. There is no reason to believe that had the delegates who concocted the Versailles treaty had the use of a common language that the terms of the treaty would have been different in any respect. It is conceding a great deal to admit that the proceedings might have been simplified to a noticeable degree. *

It requires years of practice to acquire facility in the use of a language and it cannot be denied that even a simplified scientific language must present some difficulties to the learner which can be overcome only through hard study and continuous practice. A large delegation of persons who have not made languages their special study would probably find itself in a position where each individual is forced to employ a foreign language to express his thoughts if Ido, Esperanto or some similar artificial language were officially adopted for international conferences.

As an aid to the promotion of better understanding among the workers of different nationalities the idea of the usefulness of such a language may be discarded at once. We find within each industrial country a considerable number of more or less antagonistic movements offering solutions to the problems of the working class. If the possession of a common language is to create greater harmony in the labor movement; then within present linguistic boundaries there should be little or no divergence in opinion as to how best to solve working class problems. As a matter of fact there is now very little difference between the most advanced labor

**Should Babel
Be
Blasted?**

organizations of the various nations of the world, while at the same time each nation has organizations ranging from the extreme conservative to progressive radical.

Clearly then, it is not the difficulties of communication that have caused the development of factions, cults and parties within economic classes. Neither do these difficulties interpose any barrier to the spreading of ideas where economic interests demand their acceptance. We find generally where interests and conditions are the same that ideas are the same or similar, and any important difference in beliefs or structure of organization is traceable to differences in physical surroundings. This without regard to nationality or language.

It is interesting to note how tenaciously immigrants to the United States cling to their native language. Is it to be supposed that they, or the native

workers either, would take kindly to another language which they would be required to use only occasionally?

If one is convinced that an auxiliary language is really a practical possibility, the one known as "Ido" may without doubt be accepted as the best so far offered.—C. K.

BOOKS RECEIVED

(Reviewed in *Industrial Pioneer* for February, 1926)

POLITICAL ACTION, by Seba Eldridge, J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia.

POPULATION PROBLEMS, by Edward B. Reuter, Lippincott.

SOCIAL WORK IN THE LIGHT OF HISTORY, by Stuart A. Queen, Lippincott.

The Beggar on Wheels

NO MORE they say, "If wishes were horses, then beggars might ride," for the beggar may go in an auto now, and just because he is in a second hand Ford, is no proof that he is not a beggar yet. Here you see the happy (?) home of the "Fruit Tramps" of California.

California is noted for its many schemes of graft, and the "auto park" is one of the latest, and best. As always, it is the worker who is beggared in the course of the graft.

The "Fruit Tramp" is making his appearance in the orange belt towns and his car must have, not a garage, indeed, but standing room while its owner seeks a job with which to buy it gasoline and other provender.

An adaptable capitalism arranges such matters—for a price. Yes, for cash. It costs from twenty-five to fifty cents a night, or by the week about a dollar and a half, in most places, to provide lodgings for Lizzie in an "auto park".

The fruit rancher seeks the victims of his exploitation most readily in the "auto park" for he knows that the proletarian in a jit, the migratory by gas, has to work all the time to manage it, and therefore has to work at whatever wages are offered. If he does not, the owner of the "auto park" will take all his money and push him out, without mercy and without "joy juice," absolutely stationary by the side of the road, until the first motorcycle policeman comes along and arrests him for parking where the law sayeth there shall be no parking.

Men, whether ordinary migratory workers or ruined small farmers, become "Auto tramps" in the hope of gathering some of the gold of the "Golden West," some of the golden oranges, some of the pale yellow lemons and glorious apricots, and the luscious Santa Clara valley prune and (Have you had your breakfast, er, that is to say, have you had your iron today?) some of the raisin grapes of Fresno. Not for themselves of course—ambition



does not rise so high. If they owned the oranges, or if they could pay the several dollars a box they are worth to people who own them—they would not be "Auto Tramps". No, the "Auto Tramp" is a meek soul, and if he can get about ten cents a box for picking the precious "Sun Kist" fruit of California, he will be quite happy.

In order to have any chance at all, he rushes up and down the state, from oranges to nectarines, and to prunes and to grapes, going farther north to the apples of Oregon and the Wenatchee valley, and coming back for late crops in California. Weather means nothing to him—for the job is just ahead, always, beckoning him on—and Lizzie creeks, and groans, demanding new springs and piston rings, and the sand of California's countless dust storms gets into his food as he eats it in the lee of her grimy, battered flanks. It is a hell of a life, and one filled with worries and cares.



A Bad Forecastle

Double deck bunks have no place in modern shipping, but the employers will continue to use them as long as the workers are divided and unable to effectively demand anything better.

The Shipping Octopus

(Continued From Page 6)

We see our brown and yellow fellow workers fighting the most desperate battle against the world's greatest imperialistic nations, and in Shanghai, Canton, Hongkong,

we see the vested interests of Lord Inchcape, Great Britain's largest maritime concern, the American-Scotch concern represented by Capt. Robert Dollar, the Japanese shipowners and these Great Christian French companies (mostly controlled by the society of Jesus) united together against their striking seamen.

In Australia, we see Melbourne, Sydney, Freemantle, the center of a perfect strike, as realizing their situation, every marine worker, whether a seaman or a longshoreman or anything else connected with sea transportation, strikes and shows the most wonderful spirit of Solidarity, a thing unknown in this paradise for scabs and stool pigeons called the United States.

In the United States the American interest allies itself to the foreign shipping trusts, (one more proof of capitalistic solidarity) and drives the seamen and longshoremen into the most abject state of servitude. Due to the distrust spread amongst the seafaring peoples by the rotten tactics of labor fakirs in conspiracy with the shipowners, it is clear sailing for the ship slave owners of America.

In Europe, we see the sons of the proud Vikings, our yellow haired fellow workers, the men who

pioneered the sea a few centuries ago, as freemen—the Norwegian seamen, in another words—now trying to do away with the horrible conditions imposed upon them by the same vampires, the shipping octopus.

Whether we are under the direct ownership of Morgan, Rockefeller, Dollar in America, Inchcape, Ellerman, Pirries in England, or the Jesuitic interests who own the French **Messagerie Maritime** or **La Compagnie General Transatlantique**, we must realize that the day we fight one of them we must be prepared to fight all the other concerns as well. Their solidarity is perfect, and educational meetings on the subject are no longer required. They ally themselves into a solid united front against the poor deluded and chloroformed marine slaves.

Much Divided Marine Slaves.

Over 900,000 ship workers and 1,100,000 dockers, longshoremen and similar workers, are spread over all parts of the world, sailing the seven seas, loading and unloading ships of the same master. Yet they are divided by petty warring creeds and racial prejudices, all subtly accentuated by their exploiters. Pitted against each other, often estranged by

insurmountable barriers, such as languages and atavistic racial incompatibility, which has so far prevented their coming to a common understanding, with geographical boundaries, capitalistic propaganda, cunningly disseminated so as to create nationalistic tendencies with their natural Xenophobia, the cards are stacked against these men who are the source of wealth and are suffering the same evil exploitation at the hand of the same culprit.

Greed Forcing Unification.

However the capitalist system is carrying within itself the seed of its own destruction. Grinding its slaves, in order to increase its profit, the shipping octopus steadily drives the suffering human herd into open rebellion, and during the year 1925 we witness the result of the cruel policy of Imperialistic expansion of the shipping magnates. A frontal attack is being made by the British and American shipowners (the most aggressive among the International combine) against the marine workers the world over—reduction and drastic cuts of wages, lengthening the working hours—in their arrogance they forget all prudence, and all their past tactics in trying to sugar-coat their proposition, it is the last resort of a desperate attempt at breaking the remaining unions that are left to the marine workers.

However the ruthless actions of the shipping trust awake the slaves to the fact that internationalism is required, in order to prevent any further encroachment and in order to protect the common interests of the toilers of the sea, of men that have been in contact for years and at last recognize their mutual suffering, and are finally convinced that the pangs of hunger are felt by the white Britisher as well as by the yellow coolie. 1925 witnesses the dark deeds of a corrupt society on the brink of collapse, trying to hold its own, by the bloody outrage of a drunken dictatorship over the subjected colored races of Africa and China as well as over the white seamen of Australia and America. Great Britain shocked by the resistance of the British seamen, sees the entire Empire paralyzed by a general strike of marine workers encircling the Globe. The United States themselves answer the call and the Marine Transport Workers of the I. W. W. shows its detestation towards the exploiters of the working class, by a wonderful gesture of solidarity, considering the unfavorable economic conditions existing at that time.

These struggles prove beyond the shadow of the doubt, that the seafarers are realizing, that the time has come for international action. It is forced upon them by the imperious necessity for protection. We all realize that nationalistic prejudices still exist to a very great extent, but we also rejoice at the recent awakening of all races to cooperate and their clamoring for international understanding among the workers of all colors and all creeds. We are paving the way toward One Big Union of Marine Workers, who will lead the way to a cooperative commonwealth of all workers.

The need of an international understanding,

among the marine workers, is felt so keenly, that regardless of the various obstacles found in the way the Marine Transport Workers I. U. 510 of the I. W. W. insists on going ahead with their original plan of bringing together, the various elements that compose the Marine Industry in the Western Hemisphere.

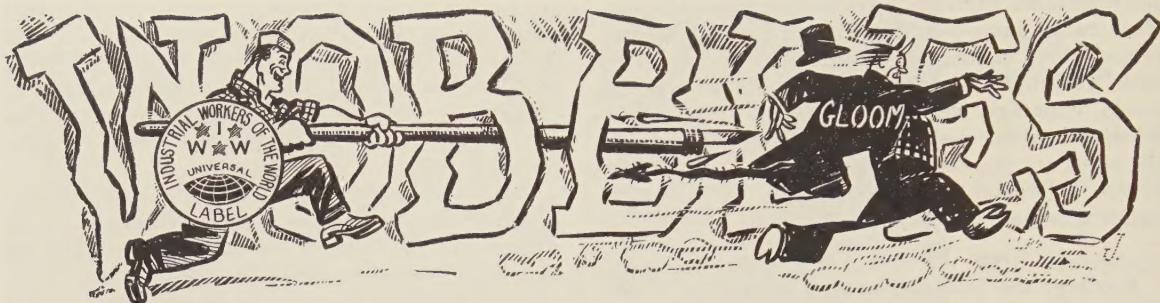
Seamen sailing out of New York, New Orleans, Frisco, Montevideo, Buenos Aires, Valparaiso, Vera Cruz or Tampico and a few other ports of minor importance, are considered by the so-called **better class landlubbers**, as the riff-raff, the floatsam and jetsam of the human race. Yet these same men are the very ones to whom are entrusted international transportation, without which the parasitical gang of shipping manipulators and stock exchange brokers of Wall St. could not raise five cents to buy an ink pad, let alone the waste of a fortune on night parties, uptown on Broadway.

The greatest problem that confronts the seamen in their struggle against the shipowners, is the lack of cooperation and sometimes the complete disinterest of seamen's organizations in other localities not directly affected by the strike. In many instances strikes have been broken, sometimes unconsciously, by transporting cargoes on foreign bottoms, while a nation happened to have a national general strike of seamen. Yet the seamen who were helping the shipowners to defeat another group of seafaringmen, were considered perfectly good union men. While the M. T. W. I. U. 510 had a strike in the United States, the N. S. & F. U. of Great Britain or the Syndicat des Marins in France or unions in South America, considered themselves perfectly justified to stay on the job under their respective flags and carry the cargoes which would have been carried by the struck ships in normal time.

However, progressive seamen the world over have lately realized the folly of such a mode of action, and decided to find ways and means of coming to some kind of an understanding between the various unions of marine workers.

At Montevideo, where the Second International Conference of Marine Workers of the Western Hemisphere will meet, lie the hopes of all revolutionary marine workers. Sectarianism will have to be banned and only discussion on economic questions regarding the betterment of the marine slaves and the way to protect the seafaring class and kindred workers will have to be in order and nothing else—thus avoiding side tracking the most important issues and losing very valuable time on minor theoretical “isms”.

The outcome of this conference cannot be prophesied, though if the workers who man the ships are ready to forget their petty divisions and racial prejudices, and come together on common grounds, they will certainly bring many changes in the marine industry. At this conference the marine workers will have the opportunity of forging weapon, and will become able to attack the combined forces of the shipping trust.



MAGICIAN IN PERFORMANCE: "So you see I merely dip him in the magic liquid, and behold; how fat he gets right before your eyes".

SKEPTIC IN AUDIENCE: "That's nothing, he's probably getting fat from profit."

Nervous Scissorbill (expecting to take out a red card): "Is this organization perfectly safe?"

I. W. W. Delegate: "Hell, no; not until the workers blow the whistle for the parasites to go to work."



KIND HEARTED CAPITALISTS UPLIFT FARMER JOHN

SCISSORBILL: "I'm sorry to hear you've buried your boss."

WOBBLY: "Ah just had to—he was stealing what I produced".

The skipper was sore at Quartermaster Bob Hayes, who was at the wheel, where he did excellent steering. The skipper came and looked at the instrument. He said nothing, but went to the lee side. He came back and looked again at the compass bowl. Again he said nothing and went to the weather side of the vessel. Hayes was getting angry, feeling that he knew his own job. The skipper made a third dart over to the compass bowl and Hayes said:

"Say, I'll call you when I get these eggs boiled."



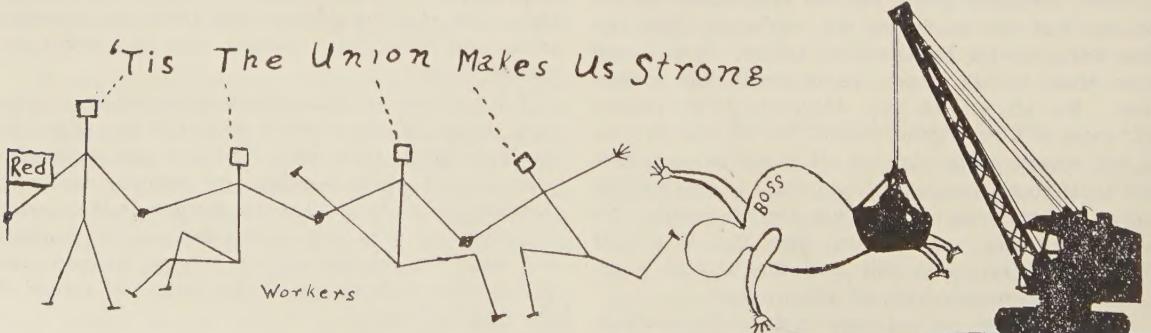
ANYBODY MIGHT BE DURKIN!

Professor: "What are the different ages of history?"

Tom: "The stone age, the bronze age, and the iron age."

Professor: "What age are we living now?"

Tom: "Starvation."





THE MINERS ARE OUT!

The miners of Wayne have struck, and it is the finest fight ever seen. They have tied up the mining industry of Alberta, Canada, and they will win if properly supported. They have joined the I. W. W., and the I. W. W. must stand by them. Raise money to feed 2,000 striking coal miners with families; raise money and send it to Fred Peters, Box 68, Wayne, Alberta, Canada. Raise money to establish the I. W. W. in Canada, and to win the 1924 scale for the miners of Wayne!

WHY NOT READ?

Sure. You have eyes, haven't you? You want to know what is going on in the world, don't you? You are convinced that you can't see all the progress of the international labor movement out of your own bunk house door, aren't you?

Industrial Solidarity

is the I. W. W. official organ. It is a weekly newspaper. Here you find in plain and simple language articles on all the schemes of the boss and the organization of the workers destined to frustrate them. 5 cents a copy; \$2 per year; bundle orders 3 cents a copy.

Industrial Worker

is the official organ of the Northwest branches of the I. W. W., the scene of the Wobblies' big general strikes. Special attention to all Pacific Coast activities. General news too. Organization articles. Close to the big lumber industry. Weekly. Same Price as Sol.

Industrial Pioneer

gives the workers the priceless opportunity for self-expression along the lines of art, education, and proletarian science. The magazine of the thinking toiler. Monthly. 20 cents a copy; \$2 per year; bundle orders, 15 cents returnable and 12 cents non-returnable.

Ask for other

I. W. W. PUBLICATIONS